Week ending January 21 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

Great new serial

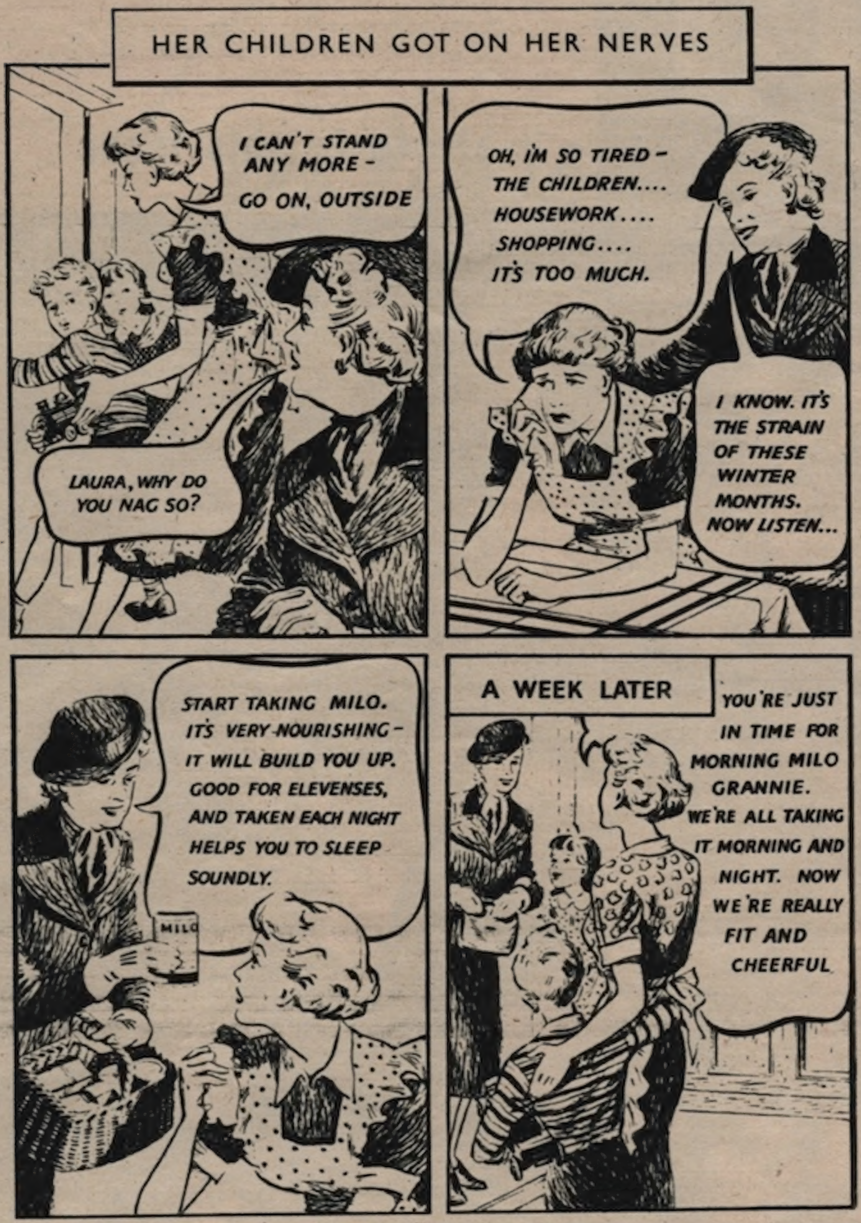
A FOREST OF EYES

by VICTOR CANNING

starts in this issue

Happy Birthday
JUDY

Is this happening to YOU?


HER CHILDREN GOT ON HER NERVES
I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE - GO ON, OUTSIDE
LAURA, WHY DO YOU NAG SO?
OH, I'M SO TIRED - THE CHILDREN.... HOUSEWORK.... SHOPPING.... IT'S TOO MUCH.
I KNOW. IT'S THE STRAIN OF THESE WINTER MONTHS. NOW LISTEN...
START TAKING MILO. IT'S VERY NOURISHING - IT WILL BUILD YOU UP. GOOD FOR ELEVENSES, AND TAKEN EACH NIGHT HELPS YOU TO SLEEP SOUNDLY.
MILO
A WEEK LATER
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR MORNING MILO GRANNIE. WE'RE ALL TAKING IT MORNING AND NIGHT. NOW WE'RE REALLY FIT AND CHEERFUL

Why you need Nestlé's MILO

MILO is the nourishing drink which you need to build you up. Mid-winter always puts an extra strain on your nerves and vitality. That is why you feel down-hearted and sleep uneasily. A cup of Milo, with all its concentrated goodness, builds up your resistance to winter and helps you to sleep soundly. Start taking Milo now and face life with a smile. Give it to the children during the day or at bedtime—they love the delicious chocolate flavour. You can get Milo at your grocer's or chemist's.

a cup of MILO brings a smile-o

½lb. 2/4 1lb. 4/-

A4

Whitbread in bottle

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

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WHITBREAD'S STOUT

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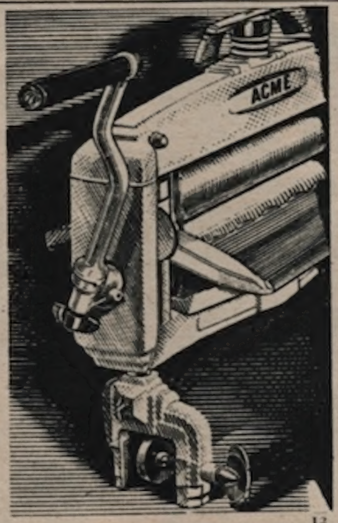
KEEP SOME AT HOME

FOREST BROWN ALE

WHITBREAD & CO. LTD. 27, BRITANNIA STREET, KING'S CROSS, W.C.1



12

HOW GOOD IS A WRINGER?

It's only as good as the results you get. And you can only get the best results from the best machine. Simple logic—but there's a great deal behind it! Seventy years in fact—seventy years of knowledge, technical skill, research, improvement and invention have produced the ACME CLEANSER-WRINGER. All this accumulated experience is working *for* you, doing a better job. How good is a wringer? Well, over four million Acmes have been sold already—that would seem pretty good proof!

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ACME

ACME WRINGERS LTD. DAVID ST. GLASGOW S.E.

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THANKS TO
MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

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Only genuine if signed—"ALEX. C. MACLEAN"

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Stomach
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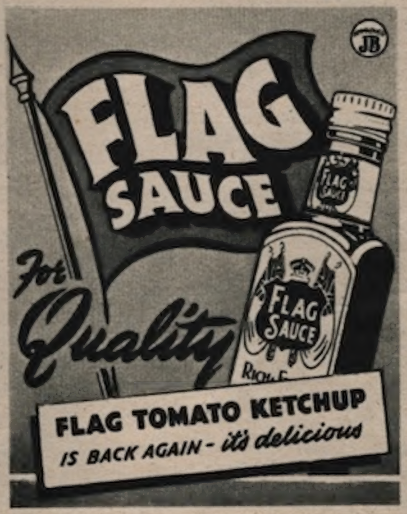
Walters'

"Palm" REGD

TOFFEE

THE
PERFECTION
of
CONFECTIONS


FLAG SAUCE
For Quality
FLAG SAUCE
FLAG TOMATO KETCHUP
IS BACK AGAIN - it's delicious

EDITORIAL

How to get rid of the "caretakers"

FOUR AND A HALF years after the end of the war, nearly 700,000 civil servants are still spread all over the country, many of them in requisitioned hotels, private offices, houses and flats.

They are aggravating the shortage of homes by clinging to property which does not belong to them and *of which they are not making full use*. And for all this property, the Government Departments concerned have to pay rent and compensation, thus piling an unnecessary burden on the taxpayers.

In London alone the War Office is hanging on to 145 properties, and the Air Ministry to 281, including 158 flats and offices in busy, populous areas like Marylebone, Regent's Park and Kensington.

The worst sinner of all is the Ministry of Works, which not only requisitions for its own staff, but has the unpopular job of finding accommodation for other Departments. For this purpose it has built a number of new office blocks—a programme which the economy cuts will soon, unfortunately, reduce.

But in spite of its extensive new building, the Works Ministry still holds nearly 3,000 properties, including 1,605 London flats and private houses. Thus it is keeping some ten thousand people out of homes they desperately need.

From the provinces as well as from London comes the same shameful story. At Dovercourt the Admiralty kept an hotel empty for two years, at a cost to the taxpayer of £1,765, before its claws were at last prised off.

AT Southport, an hotel with space for 200 was held by a stubborn garrison of twenty civil servants.

At Cambridge, which needs every room to house its students, more than twenty Government offices have been provided with accommodation in houses and flats. Undergraduates have been forced to find rooms in the suburbs, perhaps two miles from their colleges. Their daily trek not only wastes time, money and energy, but keeps them out of the corporate life of the university.

The cost to the taxpayers of all this Government requisitioning is difficult to add up. Departments are coy about it. But the total can be guessed from the fact that the Services' estimates alone for 1949-50 are £8,400,000 in rent, compensation and other charges for occupied buildings and land.

Reporting on the situation, the House of Commons Select Committee on Estimates recently declared itself "by no means convinced that the retention of these properties is necessary." Translate that official understatement into blunt, everyday language, and the Committee's meaning is: "These people have no business to be there at all—they ought to be moved out forthwith."

So the Select Committee sets as a target date December 31 next for the surrender of residential property by the requisitioning Ministries.

But target dates for derequisitioning have been set before—and nothing has happened. The tragedy is that the Ministerial limpets actually have the law on their side! Under the Requisitioned Land and War Works Act, any of the Departments can cling to its requisitioned properties for another three years—until the end of 1952! Of course they will do so—if they are allowed.

SOME Ministries, when challenged, reply quite truthfully that they have already derequisitioned many properties. But that is no excuse for holding others which they do not really need.

Does anyone seriously believe that the Admiralty, in the present diminished state of the Fleet, is properly using 255 properties outside Whitehall? The ships were paid off—and the offices, too, should have been paid off long ago.

It is no use blaming the ordinary rank-and-file civil servant for this scandal. He works where he is told to work. It is the higher-ups, each of whom prefers to have his own little kingdom rather than to be merged into a bigger central organization, who hang on grimly to these little Civil Service islands in the ocean of buildings.

And having been entrenched in other people's comfortable flats and offices for so many years, it is doubtful whether they themselves will ever make any move to clear out. The public will have to supply its own dynamite!

Fortunately, outside pressure *can* help to end the apathy which allows this scandal to drag on year after year.

The official limpets are sensitive to Parliamentary pressure—very sensitive when the pressure is applied either through questions in the House or through direct representations to the Ministries by M.P.s who are being "prodded" by their constituents. So when you hear of a particularly bad case of unnecessary requisitioning, don't just grumble and forget it. Write to your M.P. about it and keep at him until you get a reply. It is his job to wake up the Department responsible and press for rapid derequisitioning in the bad cases.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
JANUARY 21, 1950 VOLUME 87 NUMBER 2273 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

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By not feeling my age and by having energy and vigour. The special tonic properties of Phosferine Tonic Wine will also help to tone up your system and give energy and fitness.

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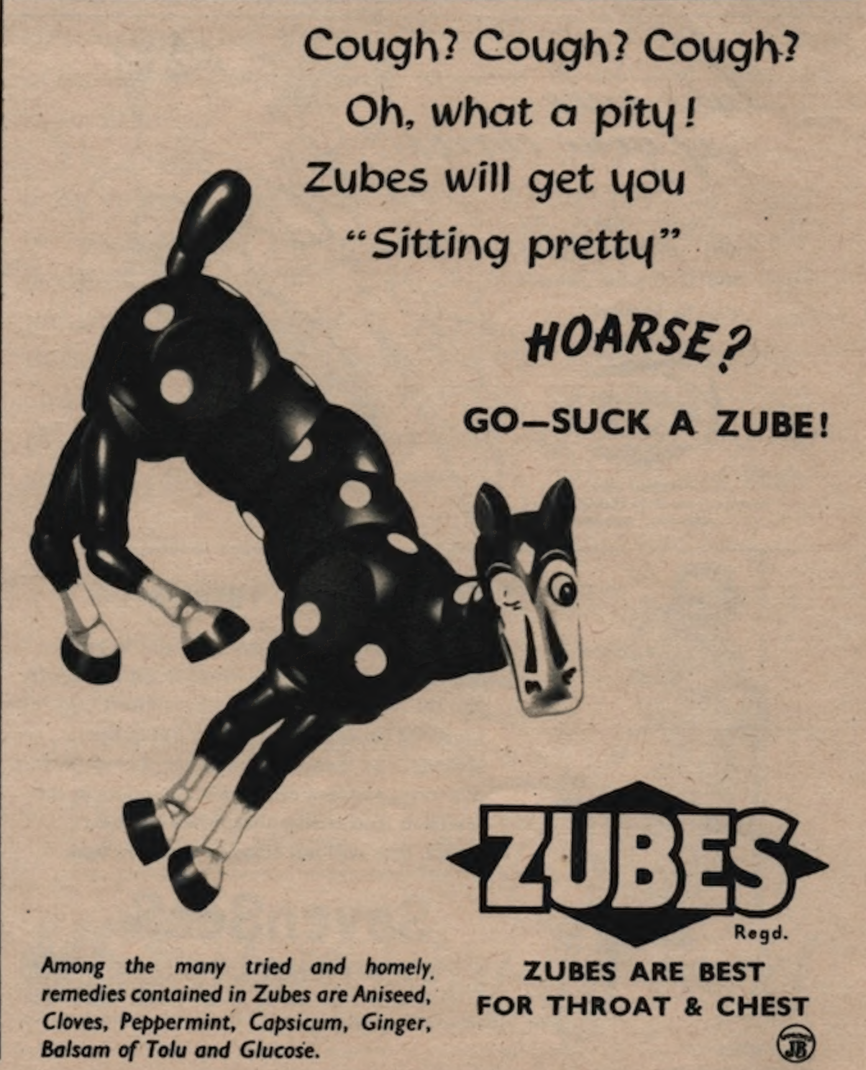
TONIC WINE

8/9 per bottle, 4/6 per half-bottle


Cough? Cough? Cough?
Oh, what a pity!
Zubes will get you
"Sitting pretty"

HOARSE?

GO—SUCK A ZUBE!

ZUBES
Regd.

Among the many tried and homely remedies contained in Zubes are Aniseed, Cloves, Peppermint, Capsicum, Ginger, Balsam of Tolu and Glucose.

ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT & CHEST

You're only
half-enjoying
ice cream
until you taste
Wall's
ICE CREAM

Granny says: "It doesn't matter what age you are to enjoy Wall's Ice Cream! I declare I like it as much as the children, specially with hot puddings or a nice sauce! Wall's is so nourishing too, a real food to satisfy winter appetites!"

WE GUARANTEE that all ICE CREAM of our manufacture is PURE, that it has been properly PASTEURISED and complies in every respect with all regulations pertaining to the PURITY OF FOODS
Wall's ICE CREAM IS SAFE ICE CREAM

MORE THAN A TREAT – *a food!*

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Take care of your curves

Excelsior makes the most of shape-appeal and is the inexpensive way to beauty

Excelsior REGD FOR VALUE CORSETRY

WHOLESALE ONLY
Richard Cooper & Co. (Ashbourne) Ltd.
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Sturdy little rascals

Not too heavy with fat, not too light in bone—just healthy even growth. Mother got them early into the habit of taking their SevenSeaS Cod Liver Oil (took it herself when Susan was arriving) and there lies the secret of even growth. The extra vitamin, caloric and fat values in this sea-fresh food ensure that, when the time comes, they will not outgrow their strength.

SevenSeaS
SEA-FRESH FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists, oil from 1/6, capsules from 1/9.

Free Speech

WHAT IS GOOD GOVERNMENT?

HERE IS MY ANSWER to your editorial "What Do We Want From A Good Government?" (JOHN BULL, December 31):

First, it must have honesty of purpose, because it deals with people's lives.

Secondly, its policy must be sound and reliable, because we all feel the effects.

Thirdly, it must be fearless in action and have the courage of its convictions.

Fourthly, it must be progressive and far-seeing, because it not only passes laws to meet the needs of today but must prepare for the needs of tomorrow.

Fifthly, it should adhere to the rules of democracy at all times and, if it makes a mistake or an error of judgment, should be big enough to acknowledge that mistake and seek to rectify it.—MRS. SADIE COATSWORTH, 48 Hamilton Road, Dover.

. . . Your article should be posted with every election notice. Perhaps, then, we might be persuaded to ask ourselves a few questions about the men who seek to represent us. Too often we vote blindly for the man proposed by a party, regardless of his worthiness or capabilities.—REGINALD BROWN, 22 Darnall Road, Sheffield.

. . . My wife and I have not voted since we were married twenty years ago because we hold opposite political views. Our votes would cancel each other out. —E. H., Birmingham.

No Names, By Request

DELIVERING NEW CARS from the works by road, I drive hundreds of miles a week and during practically every journey I have to refuse lifts to Service men and women. I know what they are thinking, but we drive under limited trade plates and the carrying of passengers is forbidden.

The plates are white with red letters and figures with a triangular licence holder on top of the front plate. Perhaps if this catches the eye of some Servicemen, it will stop them calling names after me.—K. G. CARTER, 160 Howard Street, Oxford.

Stifling The Barracker

AT a junior football match, a loud-mouthed spectator was barracking one of the players. "Don't shout at him," said a small boy, "he's my bruvver."

"Is he? Well, he wants to learn how to play football," said the loud-mouthed one, and continued barracking, to the disgust of other onlookers.

The small boy looked as if he was about to cry and moved away. A short while after, he returned with several other boys. They stood behind the barracker, then suddenly dived at him, knocking him over and covering him with mud. Before he could recover they had disappeared.

How I would like to see the same treatment meted out to barrackers at professional matches!—A. C., Southampton.

Who Wants A Bomb Site?

MRS. HAZELL'S letter suggesting that bombed sites could be turned into playgrounds at little cost ("Free Speech," December 17), is too optimistic. A recent survey in Bermondsey showed that there are more than 280 sites here alone and to clear and fence them would cost many thousands of pounds.

But Bermondsey has a better idea. Local firms, gardeners, sports clubs, boys' clubs, schools and even groups of residents in some streets are being asked to adopt their own particular site and make it a small park, garden or playground. Anything to brighten up the sites is being encouraged and wherever possible the local council will help in removing excess debris and in negotiating with property owners.

I think this is the way to do it.—F. IRVING, 38 Horsleydown Mansions, Lafone Street, London, S.E.1.

Housewife's Year

LAST year, I had a busy time as a housewife with two children. I prepared about 1,460 meals and washed up a similar number of times. I climbed and descended about 93,000 stairs and made 1,095 beds. I swept up the living-room 1,040 times and gave the children nearly 2,000 washes. Answering the door involved 2,500 visits to my own doorstep.

I borrowed a pedometer from a friend and wore it throughout one day. At the end of the day, it registered nearly three miles—about 1,095 miles in a year. When my tired businessman husband came home, I gave him these details. He said it was a pity I had nothing better to occupy my time.—MRS. L. T., Aldershot, Hants.

Invisible Cyclists

CYCLISTS waiting in traffic jams at night often have no sign of light on their machines. The reason is that they are using dynamo lighting. I am an old driver, so am interested in road safety and I think there should be a small accumulator embodied in the dynamo set, so that the lights would remain on while the machine was stationary. An unlit cycle, in the shadow of a bus, for instance, cannot be seen.—H. BEAVER, 60 Marshall Road, Cambridge.

Matador v. Steeplejack

MAYBE the British bullfighter (William Armstrong's article, JOHN BULL, December 31), gets a bigger thrill out of his job than the steeplejack featured in the same issue. The British, however, get a "kick" from watching the latter do a risky and useful job without the plaudits of the crowd.—MISS E. ERSKINE, Mylne House, Dollar, Scotland.

. . . There is hardly a word in the article to suggest that there is appalling suffering for the animals and cruel indifference in the spectators. It omits to tell us that the darts placed in the bull's neck are weighted at the far ends, their barbs uprooting and tearing the skin off the neck.—ALFRED C. WILKINS, 18 Summer Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

. . . I saw a bullfight a few years ago in La Linea. Whether it was above the usual standard, I do not know, but I found it very satisfying. Thank you for your interesting and unbiased account of the supremely artistic national sport of Spain.—L. F. P., Chatham, Kent.

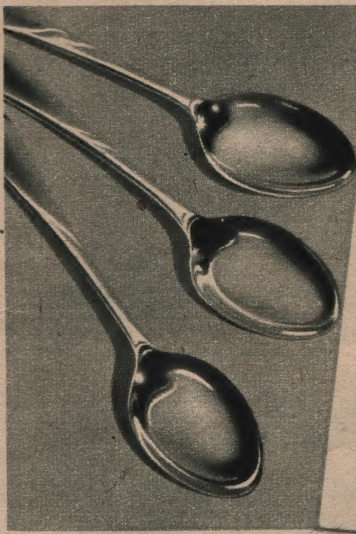
John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

Be one of 6,000 lucky people

Brooke Bond gift offer

Brooke Bond Beef Cubes have been given the new easy name—BONDOXA. This name will shortly appear on a yellow strip across the Brooke Bond Beef Cube boxes.

LOOK OUT FOR IT ***for this reason***



3 OLD ENGLISH NICKEL SILVER TEASPOONS will be sent to each of the first 1,000 applicants who send in six Brooke Bond 6d. Beef Cube boxes, on one or more of which the name BONDOXA appears on a yellow strip.*

Consolation Gifts of ONE TEASPOON will be sent to the next 5,000 applicants.

Start at once saving Brooke Bond 6d. Beef Cube boxes so that you are ready to send for your gift the moment you get one box with the name BONDOXA on the yellow strip.

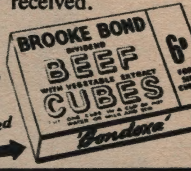
HOW TO SEND

Flatten the six boxes, and post them (enclosing a slip bearing your name and address in block letters) to Advertising Dept. (C.) Brooke Bond & Co., Ltd., 6, Eldon Walk, Leeds 2. Mark the envelope "BONDOXA." Entries will be dealt with strictly in the order received.

START ASKING YOUR GROCER NOW FOR *'Bondoxa'*

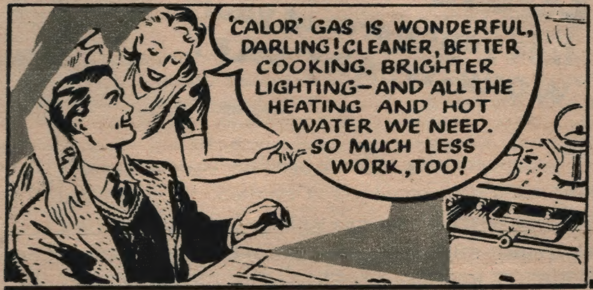
—quality and dividend unchanged

**** The yellow strip is on the SIDE of the box*** ➡



'CALOR' REGD. GAS

FOR CLEAN, COMFORTABLE, CONVENIENT COUNTRY LIVING


'CALOR' GAS IS WONDERFUL, DARLING! CLEANER, BETTER COOKING, BRIGHTER LIGHTING—AND ALL THE HEATING AND HOT WATER WE NEED. SO MUCH LESS WORK, TOO!

200,000 country homes are already using 'Calor' Gas for cooking, heating and lighting. *Wherever* you live, 'Calor' Gas cylinders can be delivered by road to your door. Send the coupon below *today!*

Hire purchase facilities are available for domestic cookers

TO **CALOR GAS** (Distributing) Co. Ltd.,
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What's FRY'S COCOA got?

The finer the cocoa the richer the flavour

—And that's why Fry's tastes best.

real Chocolate flavour!

"SANATOGEN" TONIC WINE

soothes tired nerves

"SANATOGEN" Tonic Wine is an admirable restorative for it combines the "pick-me-up" qualities of a rich, full-bodied wine with the active tonic properties of "SANATOGEN" Nerve Tonic Food.

8/- PER BOTT. **4/6** HALF BOTT.

The word "SANATOGEN" is a Registered Trade Mark.

CVS-110

Sees You Through Your Cold or 'Flu

At the first sign of shiveriness, headache, running nose or bodily aches and pains take Yeast-Vite. Yeast-Vite is *better* for Colds and 'Flu because it gives you *double benefit*. Being anti-pyretic, Yeast-Vite helps reduce feverishness. But it also—

—GIVES YOU TONIC BENEFIT TOO!

Due to its valuable vitamin B_1 content, Yeast-Vite helps your system to build itself up again and so minimize dangerous after-effects. Get Yeast-Vite "Pick-Me-Up" Tablets TO-DAY and get relief from Colds, 'Flu, Headaches, Nerve and Rheumatic Pains. Price 1/6 and 3/8.

YEAST-VITE

RELIEVES YOUR PAIN AND BUCKS YOU UP!

BRYLCREEM

TO BE SURE...

makes a tidy difference to your hair

Let Brylcreem look after your hair and you're bound to benefit—for Brylcreem gives your hair this *double* benefit.

(1) Day-long smartness.
(2) Lasting hair health.

Besides setting the hair naturally, Brylcreem with its pure emulsified oils keeps the roots active and promotes natural hair-growth. Dry Hair and Dandruff soon become things of the past when you Brylcreem your hair. Ask for Brylcreem, it gives hair life.

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middx. *royds 65/1*

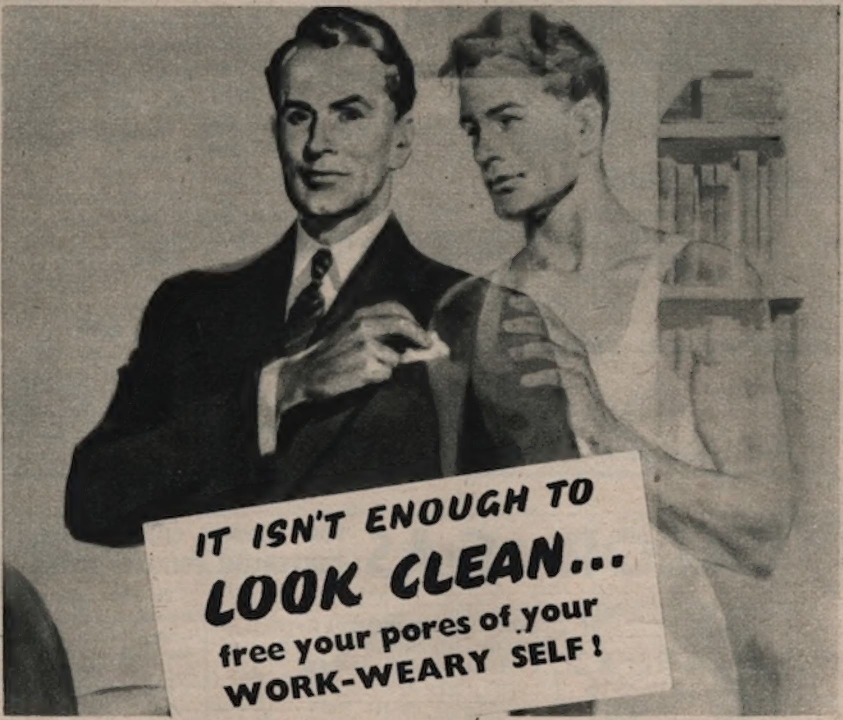
FAMEL

The Family COUGH SYRUP

Johnnie's Cough . . . **thank goodness for Famel**

. . . '*I must get another bottle first thing and we simply* **must** *keep a bottle in the house.*' . . . . . . THIS VERY NIGHT how many homes will be kept awake by cough—cough—coughing? Remember that Famel taken at bedtime does so much to ensure healing sleep. For Famel contains Soluble Lactocreosote, that powerful germicide which brings speedy, soothing relief. Many children regard Famel as a *very* tasty night-cap! Tonight and every night, have Famel at hand.

Ask, too, for FAMEL PASTILLES. They have the authentic Famel quality.


IT ISN'T ENOUGH TO
LOOK CLEAN...
free your pores of your
WORK-WEARY SELF!

LIFEBUOY's deep-cleansing lather is specially blended to wash away all those unpleasant reminders of exertion. It makes you sure that your work-weary self has gone with the bath water! So you step out to meet others with a smile, getting friendly smiles in return, because LIFEBUOY has made you FRESH IN EVERY PORE!

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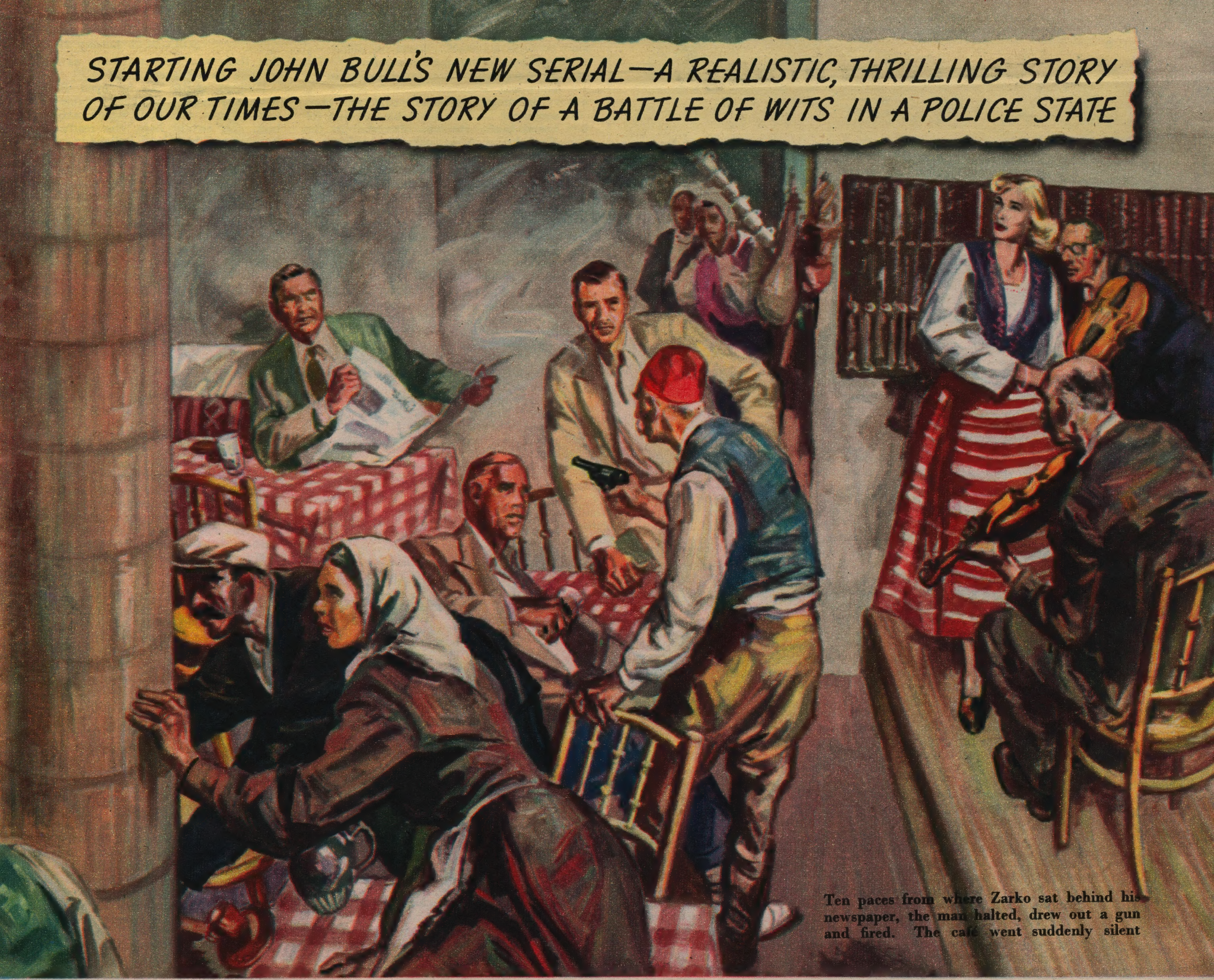
LBT 689A 1014 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

STARTING JOHN BULL'S NEW SERIAL—A REALISTIC, THRILLING STORY OF OUR TIMES—THE STORY OF A BATTLE OF WITS IN A POLICE STATE



Ten paces from where Zarko sat behind his newspaper, the man halted, drew out a gun and fired. The café went suddenly silent

A FOREST OF EYES

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER OLIPHANT

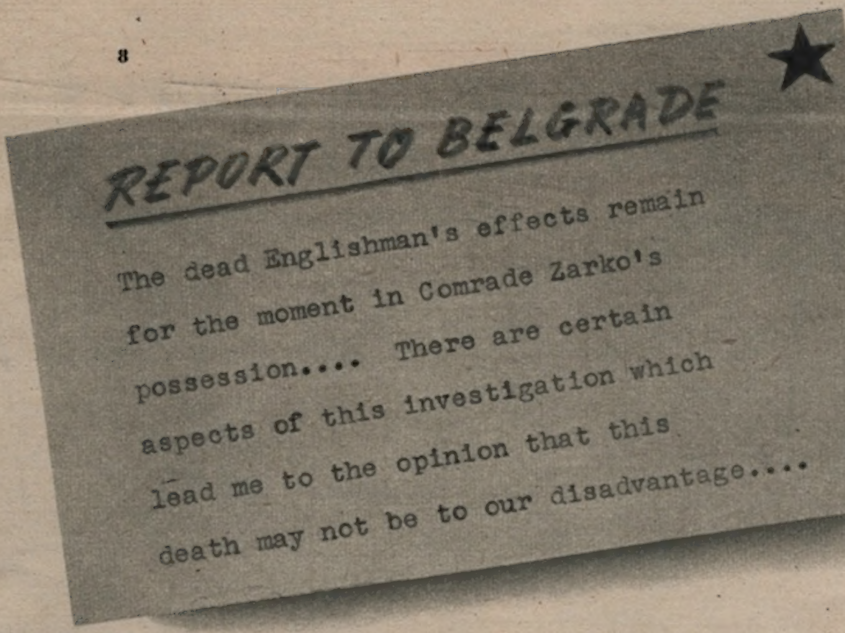
THE LOGGIA OF THE Gradska Kavana faced the harbour, only a stretch of cobbles separating it from the water's edge. All the tables were empty. Nobody sat outside on a day of sirocco. The wind teased cruelly at the pink and yellow blooms in the flower boxes.

Through the large-paned windows at the back of the loggia, Vladimir Zarko, threading his way past the empty tables, saw that the café interior was crowded.

As he went in he was greeted by a rush of tobacco smoke, the warm smell of coffee, the surge of voices and the thin, gentle sound of the orchestra. The room was long and broad, like a crypt of gigantic size, great pillars springing from the floor to branch sturdily into the low roof. Zarko, a short, plumpish, middle-aged figure, sat down at an empty table near the orchestra. A waiter, quickly and without instruction, brought him a glass of water, his coffee and a daily paper.

The townspeople of Dubrovnik Zarko knew well. During the winter they had the place to themselves. But now it was the summer, the beginning of the tourist season. Scattered among the familiar groups were officials who had come from Belgrade and Zagreb, youth parties passing through from Kotor on their way up to Split and Rijeka.

At the far side of the room, near the serving counter, four peasant girls drank together, their dark hair braided, the brocade and stiff linen of their costumes shining white and yellow. Zarko smiled as he noticed they had kicked off their shoes under the table. Above them on



REPORT TO BELGRADE

The dead Englishman's effects remain for the moment in Comrade Zarko's possession.... There are certain aspects of this investigation which lead me to the opinion that this death may not be to our disadvantage....

the wall was a large photograph of Marshal Tito, and something in the conjunction pleased him. A new life, a new beginning—the country had always needed that, he had always needed it. Lifting his paper and leaning back against the wall seat so that he could read and yet observe, Zarko studied the other tables one by one. . . .

An elderly man sat at the table beyond the four peasant girls, a glass of *rakia* before him. He was thin, unshaven, his face grey and beaded with tiny sweat drops. His lips had moved with a soundless anger at the entrance of Zarko.

Suddenly he got up and advanced across the room. The orchestra was now playing a noisy dance, drowning the voice of a girl singer. Ten paces from Zarko the man halted, drew a revolver and fired a single shot. The bullet passed through Zarko's newspaper, over his shoulder and glanced off an angle of the stone wall behind him in the direction of the orchestra.

The music stopped, the café voices were suddenly suspended in surprised echoes. The old man stood there, rather stupidly now, swaying a little, as though the effort had left him weak, and Zarko knew he would not fire again.

Noise and movement returned to the room like the angry wash of sea breaking over pebbles. Men and women stood to their feet and called, some moved back into the protection of the thick pillars, others pressed forward and two armed militia guards came hurrying across the café, thrusting people out of their way.

They seized the man, but something about his stupidity and bewilderment turned the first rough grasp of their hands into a gentler, protective hold. The revolver was taken from him, prised loose as a father takes a dangerous toy from a fright-shaken child.

Zarko stood up and went to them. He looked at the man and then around at the waiting café.

" It's all right. Return to your tables."

Behind him the orchestra, reinforcing the note of authority, began to play and the girl's voice struggled once more against the volume of sound.

" Take him away. I'll come later."

Zarko watched the guards lead the man away.

His interest, his true curiosity, had been centred on three people. There was the girl standing by the piano who had stepped forward a little to sing as the orchestra began to play a Serbian love song. She was tall, her breasts small and set high. He had smiled as he watched her, for the sight stirred old memories in him. She was like all her family, leggy and with that fair hair which in childhood was almost white, deepening with the years to a pale gold.

In the old days he had touched his cap to her when he had gone to the villa to work. As a young man he had often rowed her and her mother across to Lokrum. He remembered the thin, eager body of the child, restless, leaning over the side of the boat to snatch at passing seaweed. Her mother had always tipped him well. . . . But now all that was changed.

And at the table immediately to his left were two Englishmen. Everyone knew they were English and everyone preserved the polite fiction of pretending they were not there.

One of them was drawing on a piece of paper as Zarko entered. They took no notice of anyone else. The one who was drawing seemed slightly younger than the other. His face, raised from the drawing for a moment, was long, quietly humorous, yet with an odd solemnity about the mouth. " Robert Hudson," Zarko had played silently with the strange syllables, then, remembering the details which had followed them down from Belgrade, added, " thirty-six, engineer, treat with all courtesy."

The other was shorter, and fleshier, his hair fair, his face creased from some joke which had occupied him from birth, the lips pouting, sensual, his body sprawled back in his chair, so that Zarko had been able to see the wrinkled socks above his shoes. " John Raikes," and then, his own comment, the official information forgotten, " not to be trusted alone with a woman or a bottle."

Now as Zarko stood there watching the guards take his attacker away, the younger Englishman, Hudson, left his table, moved past Zarko and stepped up to the orchestra. Zarko saw Hudson take the girl's left wrist and motion her to stop singing. She shook her head, but the man took her elbow and drew her firmly down from the platform. Her left wrist was lined with blood where the bullet, ricochetting, had struck her.

Zarko went over. Hudson looked up at him. " It's only a graze, but a doctor ought to see it."

The girl shook her head as he began to bind her wrist with his handkerchief. Zarko called to one of the violin players. " Telephone for a doctor."

The girl spoke. " No. I can walk to him. He lives only across the square." She turned to the Englishman and smiled. " Thank you." Zarko saw that it was a smile quite different from the one she used when she sang.

Hudson stood up.

" I'll come with you."

" No." She moved from him. " That would make me feel it is serious." The smile was still there, but the note in her voice was definite.

She moved across the café, and Hudson went back to his table. Zarko followed him. He was interested in this Englishman who spoke Serbo-Croat so well.

Hudson looked up at him.

" My congratulations on your escape."

Zarko gave a half-bow. Then, remembering his official position and the people at other tables who were pretending a polite disinterestedness but straining to hear each word, he said: " It was regrettable. Please don't think that such things happen often in Dubrovnik."

Raikes laughed. " The old man didn't seem to like you. I wonder why?" The brown face was lined with an impudent smile.

Zarko smiled gently. " I'm sorry for him. His son is in prison . . . for treason. . . ." He let the phrase linger between them, watching them. " When we get old we can see no wrong in our sons. You must not get a wrong impression of our country. Today, in Jugoslavia, we have a great work before us, and we have many difficulties. . . ." As he spoke he leaned forward a little to see the drawing on the paper in front of Hudson. The Englishman looked up and caught his interest.

" We know. Work and difficulties. Every country in the world is the same." He pushed the sheet of paper towards Zarko, turning it so that he could see the neat sketch of the café. " Do you like it?"

Zarko looked from the drawing to the two men and then with a note of apology said, " Forgive my curiosity." He went on: " If there is anything I can do for you while you are in Dubrovnik, please come and see me. Vladimir Zarko. I am Chief of the People's Militia—the police." He bowed again gently and walked away.

" Why didn't you go with the girl to the doctor?" Raikes asked Hudson.

" In this country—even if a girl's just been shot—she doesn't accept a helping hand from an Englishman. Not right under the nose of the chief of police."

" A pity. She looked interesting."

RAIKES was standing on the small veranda of his hotel room when Hudson entered. He was looking through field glasses at the island of Lokrum across the water.

" What do you want?" Raikes spoke without turning.

" The book you took from my room in Belgrade," said Hudson, picking the book out of a pile on the floor. When he had last seen it it had been new, unread. Now the paper cover was torn and stained, the boards bent and curved from bad packing. As he riffled the pages, stale shreds of tobacco gritted between the leaves. He held it up between his fingers fastidiously.

Raikes dropped the glasses and half-turned. The hot wind from the Adriatic stirred the fair damp hair and the plump face was lined with an unrepentant smile.

" My whole life has been one long fight against my untidy nature." Raikes chuckled and adjusted the focus of his glasses.

Hudson went and stood by his side. Below them was the hotel terrace and then the rough drop of the ground to the sea, a slope cut into terraces, pine-fringed walks and little beds of flowers overhung with unclipped banks of shrubs, mimosa, bougainvillaea and jasmine which filled the air with a syrupy sweetness.

" What are you looking at?"

" There's a woman bathing from one of the villas farther along." His head nodded to the left.

" Yesterday when I came in at about this time you were watching as well."

" She bathes every day."

Hudson smiled as he eyed Raikes; there was an extravagance of manner and spirit about the man which attracted him, the untidy hair, the ready good humour and his boyish delight in complicated toys such as the expensive Swiss watch on his left wrist, elaborate with a date mechanism, split-second hand, self-winding, dustproof, waterproof, and seldom showing the right time.

" I wonder which you watch more—the woman bathing or the boats passing through the channel?"

Raikes lowered the glasses with a slow movement and turned. His look was now unsmiling. " You're very observant," he said quietly. Then he added casually: " I'm going for a stroll along the coast. Who knows, I may meet the bathing lady."

BACK in his room, Hudson drew the shutters against the heat and the yellow haze of light and lay on the bed. He had known Raikes just over three weeks, and when they had first met he had thought he was going to dislike the man. But that feeling—which he knew had arisen from his hurt pride in not being allowed to carry out this Jugoslav negotiation by himself—had soon gone. They both liked one another, and their friendship had developed rapidly in this country where they had few contacts with other people.

He reached out his hand for the box on his bedside table and, seeing the red star of Tito on the side of the Drina cigarette as he lit it, he remembered the girl in the café, and the quiet, competent authority of the chief of police. Poor girl. To sing in a café was bad enough, but to sing in this town under the galaxy of red Communist stars and with the baby face of Tito frowning pugnaciously from every wall. . . .

He went to sleep, half-seeing the girl's cheek as she had bent to watch him bandage her wrist. Her dress, he had noticed, was of good quality, but her shoes had been shoddy.

That was typical of this country. A good coat and patched trousers, a gold watch on a cheap waistcoat, nylons and a skirt six years too short. . . .

A waiter woke him at four o'clock with a glass of lemonade. As he drew back the window shutters, Hudson saw that the sirocco was abating.

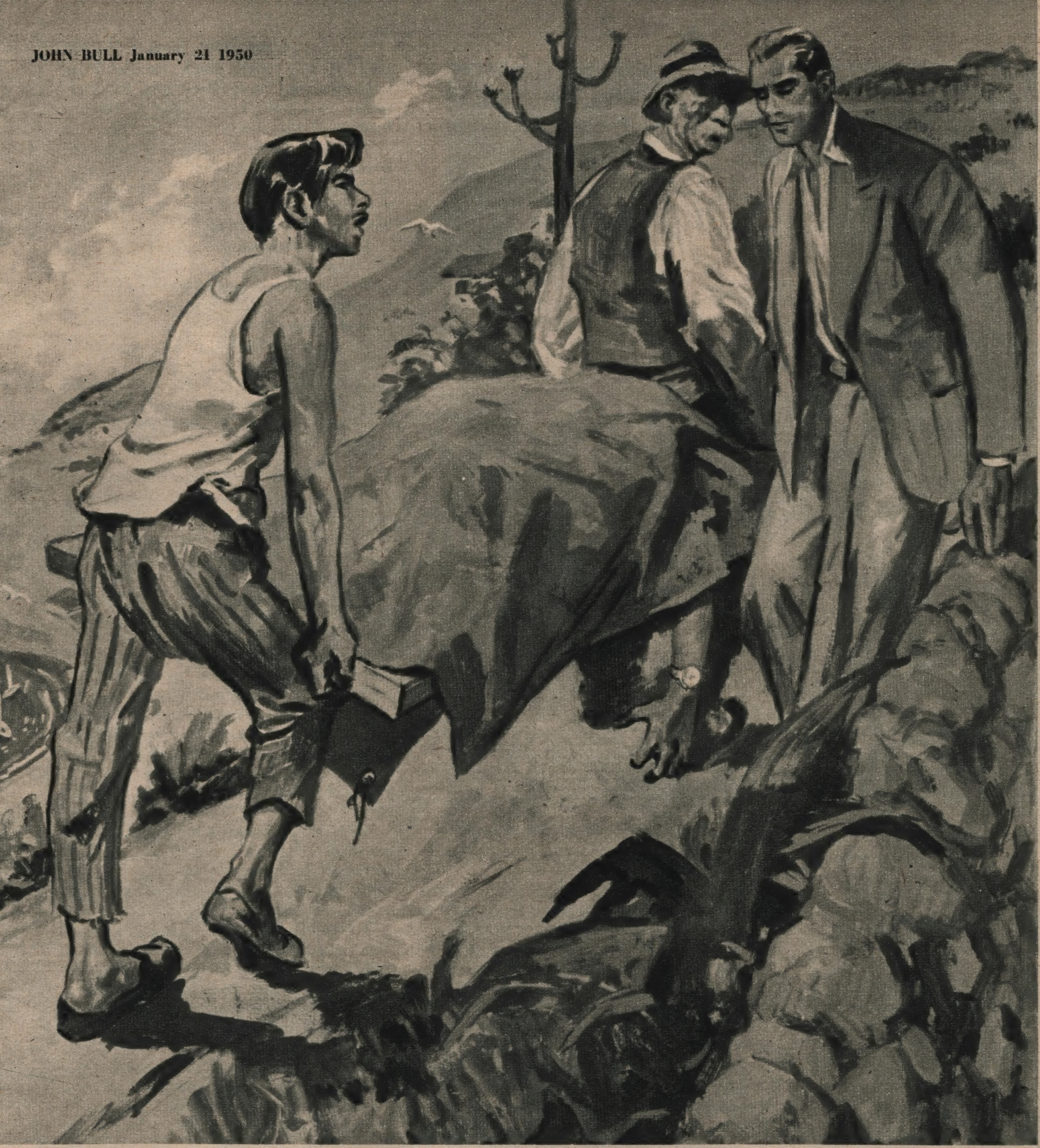
Later, he went down the main stairway of the hotel. The place was quiet, clean and with the air of a chapel from the soft light which filtered through the coloured glass windows. The few other guests he knew would still be sleeping, prolonging their siesta against the unpleasant day. Outside the hotel Hudson turned to the right along the narrow coast road.

From Dubrovnik the coast swept in a curve to the south-east, to the headland which marked the foot of Mount Sergio. The road rose gently from the town towards the headland, and along it on either side were villas and hotels. Once the houses of the cosmopolitan rich, most of the villas were now empty, others given over to half a dozen families whose washing signalled from loggia to balcony, whose pullets scratched among the weedy beds of unattended zinnias and petunias.

The Hotel Argentina lay half-way along the road to the headland and, just beyond it, a smaller road, rutted and dusty, broke away from the coast road and wound at a lower level towards the headland.

It was this track which Hudson took, moving slowly along it out to the hillside, now free of villas.

A few fishing boats were creeping round the end of Lokrum, heading up into the wind, and from the thinning haze the far islands moved up into position like ponderous men - of - war



Hudson saw a brown arm drop free of the cloth. The wrist watch was familiar. He stepped forward

emerging from the smoke and confusion of some noiseless battle.

Out here the track divided into a fingering of tiny paths, some running away uphill through the wind-crabbed olive trees, others sloping down the cliff to small coves and beaches.

Where the track divided was a small notice in red and white paint, written in three languages, Serbo-Croat, German and French. It read: *Keep to the path. Hillside mined.* The paint was weathered, the wording almost undecipherable and the board loosely propped against a cairn of stones.

Hudson hesitated, and then moved on, keeping to the main path. Very few of the mines, laid in the whole of the coast by Germans and Italians, by partisans and Chetniks, had been cleared.

On the path before him, a hundred yards away, rising as though from the ground as they moved over the curve of the cliff, he saw two men. They were an old man and a youth, peasants.

The old man's face was shadowed under a battered straw hat. The youth wore a short cotton singlet and thin blue and white striped trousers which the wind pressed against his young limbs. They came towards him with slow, careful steps. Their faces were marked with the strain of the load which they carried, stretcher-wise, between them.

They came up to him, and as he blocked their path, they halted. They carried between them an old door. On it, covered by a sail cloth, lay something long and bulky. They stood stiffly, looking at him, waiting for him to give them passage.

Hudson saw a brown arm drop free of the cloth. It hung stiffly, the fingers outspread. On the wrist was a watch, an elaborate Swiss watch with a date mechanism, split-second hand, self-winding, dustproof, waterproof.

Unshocked as yet, in a pause of curious, unemotional numbness, Hudson stepped forward. He lifted the cloth, but his gesture was clumsy, the hard material, pulled by its own weight, slithering half from the body.

Hudson closed his eyes to the unexpected horror, but against his lids the beastliness persisted, the damp fair hair, the red grimace of flesh that had been face, the ripped and lacerated torso. There was nothing there of the man he had known except a pulped formlessness. He heard the youth swear. Opening his eyes, Hudson saw that he had part of the door supported on one knee and with his free hand was pulling the cloth back into position.

The old man twisted his head round, like a horse in shafts curious over the delay, and the youth swore again and frowned at Hudson and they moved forward. He followed them.

LATE that afternoon, in his office in a building which abutted on to the church of Sveti Jacov, Vladimir Zarko received a telegram from the Department for the Defence of the People, Obilicev venac 5, Belgrade. It was in code, and came direct to him, by-passing the normal police channels of the Federal Republic of Bosnia and Herzogovina.

Apart from being the police chief of Dubrovnik he was—and this was more important—a reliable party member and also an agent of O.Z.N.A., the secret political police.

The telegram read:

Milo Lepovitch arriving tomorrow. Procedure Two.

Next morning Zarko stood looking out of the window of the same office. Just below him was the roof of the church, its stone tiles etched with green and yellow lichen. Beyond it, he could see part of the main square. The crowd had thinned around the vegetable and fruit stalls and the peasant women sat by their baskets and trestles, knitting and talking.

Zarko was a man who drew a constant delight from familiar things. He liked the view from his office and knew it intimately.

If a door or window in the sloping panorama of houses and gables was left open when it was usually shut, he noticed it. If the office cleaner moved one of the big leather chairs a few inches out of its usual position, the strangeness was the first thing to greet him in the morning when he entered his office.

Routine and method were virtues, and he liked to feel that he had the right answer to any situation. At this moment he knew that he should be extending his sympathy to the Englishman who sat in the room behind him. To one of his countrymen he would have given readily the open sympathy which open grief demanded. But whatever this man felt he was keeping to himself.

Zarko turned away from the window and said abruptly.

"You're an engineer?"

"Yes."

"And your friend?"

"He was a technical consultant from the export division of our Board of Trade. He had been loaned to my firm to help with this contract."

"Contract?"

"Don't you know about it?" Hudson watched the broad squat figure as it moved from the patch of sunlight by the window and came to the desk.

"All I know is your name, that you are an engineer, and that you are the guest here of the People's Government." Zarko sat down. Now that they were talking he felt more comfortable. He smiled. "And that I have been told to treat you with every courtesy. If you are able to tell me more. . . ."

"Why, yes. My firm is negotiating a contract to supply pit-head machinery and mining equipment to your Ministry of National Economy. Raikes and I have spent three weeks in Belgrade going over specifications and contract details. My job was the purely engineering side. He was looking after the official side—finance and delivery."

It was a relief to be giving facts about Raikes rather than accepting sympathy for a loss which had affected him deeply. "Except for a few small points everything is completed, but the final ratification of the contract can't be made until your Mr. Kidrich, the Minister of National Economy, returns from Austria in two weeks' time. While we were waiting for him to return, we came here as guests of your Government."

Zarko nodded. Then said quietly: "My Government would wish me to extend the deepest regret for this tragic accident."

"Thank you. I should like to know what happened."

"Your friend went bathing from a small beach at the end of the headland. He left his clothes on the grass above the beach and as he walked back he stepped on a mine. No one saw it happen. The two peasants discovered him some time after the accident. Last month two boys were killed higher up the slope. We put up notices—but people have such belief in their own luck. What more can we do?"

As he spoke Zarko rose and lifted from the floor by a set of filing cabinets a green tin box. He opened the padlock on it with a key from his ring and began to set out the contents on the desk.

Hudson recognized the clothes which

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FIRST
RESERVE
RESERVE

Harry Miller breeds rabbits for shows. "Start slow," he advises. "Stock comes faster than experience"

Rabbits in the back garden

by DON EVERITT

Giant-eared rabbits, lilac-coloured rabbits, rabbits with curly hair—they're fun to keep and are profitable, too

HARRY MILLER, a middle-aged man with thin grey hair and a Roman profile, goes down on Fridays to his rabbitry, takes two or three rabbits from their hutches and starts to groom them.

For half an hour his practised hands stroke their coats backwards and forwards, giving them a fine sheen and removing any loose fur lingering from the last moult.

Then, along with a handful of hay and clover, he puts the rabbits in green wooden boxes and takes them to the station. Tomorrow they will be competing at one of the forty-odd rabbit shows held up and down the country every week. Harry is quietly confident that they will come back "in the cards."

Britain's 50,000 tame-rabbit breeders can be divided into two distinct groups—those who keep fancy rabbits like the Dutch, which has intricate two-colour markings, and those who keep fur rabbits, which have a fairly uniform colouring and, as their name implies, are suitable for pelting.

Poisoned The Lot

Harry, a Nottingham caretaker, has had a crack at both. The first—with fancy rabbits—began thirty years ago and ended abruptly one night in 1925. He came home from a show to find all his stock dead; a friend who had undertaken to feed them had unwittingly given them hemlock.

His present preoccupation with fur rabbits began in 1941 when he came out of hospital with chronic thrombosis. A doctor advised him to take up a hobby, and he started with rabbits again—but slowly and in the smallest possible way. The reason, he says succinctly, is that stock comes much faster than experience and he had not kept fur rabbits before.

"All you need to start with," he adds, "are a couple of boxes about two feet square by eighteen inches high, a few nails, wire netting, sawdust for the floors and some felt for the roof."

From a beginning very much like that Harry has gradually developed his rabbitry into something which now looks like a large old shack from the outside but is actually quite weatherproof and cosy inside. It houses forty rabbits, and cost him about £10 to make.

The problem of what rabbits to keep depends on individual taste. There are twelve fancy and seventeen fur breeds. Most of these are subdivided into colours and into types of fur—normal length, rexed (shortened), satinized and astrex (curly).

There are rabbits with furs identical to the chinchilla, silver fox, sable, seal and ermine. They come giant-sized and miniature, spotted and striped. There are rabbits with long back legs and others with ears twenty-seven inches long. There are blue rabbits, brown, black, white, orange, red, grey—and even lilac.

Harry prefers to keep the comparatively undeveloped varieties. His stock consists of chocolate foxes, smoke pearls and chinchilla rex — all products of the last few years. To improve their coats he's made a study of line-breeding and in-breeding, Mendelism and genetics.

Prices for good breeding bucks and does vary little from breed to breed. Harry always tells novices that it's best to buy their stock locally from breeders like himself—"not for personal gain but because it's in the interests of the fancy."

"Some dealers and commercial breeders," he explains, "will charge £5 to £20 for a rabbit that's practically worthless. When the novice finds out we lose an enthusiast."

A prize-winning rabbit is not necessarily a good breeding rabbit. One man Harry knows paid £100 for a champion. It didn't produce a single decent offspring.

Breeding a champion is a matter of skill and patience. The good and bad points of the buck and doe to be mated and those of their forebears have to be studied carefully, sometimes eight generations back.

A Good Tonic Of Nettles

Harry's rabbits thrive on a diet of hay, garden waste and a mash consisting of bran and household scraps. He supplements this food with roots in winter and wild plants in summer.

Wild plants also help him to cure illness among his stock. Shepherd's purse and blackberry leaves, for instance, are medicines for scours; broom and dandelion are laxatives; and nettles are a tonic.

Certain diseases, however, defy even veterinary science. One, aptly called blows, a digestive complaint, kills hundreds of rabbits every year. A friend of Harry's lost seventy through it in three weeks.

One fancier, some time ago, *did* cure an infected animal. He punctured its stomach to release the wind. Miller feels this success was more luck than good judgment.

Harry, a recognized judge, believes that you have to have a certain flair to tell a good rabbit from a bad. Most points go to fur density and texture. This can only be gauged by touch. "If you're heavy-handed," he says, "you're hopeless."

Almost continually through the year Harry is either exhibiting or judging rabbits. His exhibits do well, as is indicated by scores of prize cards pinned on the walls of his rabbitry.

Bob Prizes Mount Up

The actual prizes themselves are usually very modest: twelve shillings for a first, six for a second and three for a third. Nevertheless, by exhibiting a good rabbit in three or four classes at a show every week it is possible to win quite handsomely. Recently, Harry won £8, entry fees and rail charges deducted, with one rabbit in two months.

There are roughly a thousand rabbit clubs in Britain. Presiding over them all is the imposingly titled British Rabbit Council, which maintains a strict control on all show rabbits with an efficient ringing scheme.

The majority of clubs have been formed by perfectionists—like Harry Miller himself—purely as a means of running shows; but a few have much more down-to-earth objects: meat and fur production.

Harry Miller, who himself occasionally "pots" and pelts a rabbit, puts it this way: "That's the glorious thing about this hobby; one way or another you can make it pay."

I know what you're eating

by VERNON DRAKE

Testing your food before you get it shows that what the eye doesn't see can do you harm. And that's where I step in. Now even labels have to tell the whole truth

MY JOB AS A COUNTY ANALYST is full of surprises. Once, for example, on testing a sample of milk we found it contained more than fifty per cent excess of water. We took the farmer to court, but he kept swearing on oath that he did not add water to his milk.

"I suppose," counsel asked finally, "you didn't add milk to water?"

"Well," the man admitted, "I can't swear I didn't do *that*."

We analyse more than 2,500,000 samples of foodstuffs in Britain each year. About half of them are milk.

The assignment of a county analyst is to see that nothing sold is harmful to the health of the public or a vicious fraud on the pocket. About 12,000 samples come to me every year.

These include fertilizers, animal feeding stuffs, water and sewage. But most are foodstuffs.

Our modern methods of chemical analysis are far from the simple tests used in, for instance, the fourteenth century when a test for ale was to pour some on a clean wooden seat and then sit on it in leather breeches until the ale dried. If the breeches stuck to the seat the ale was considered to contain too much sugar.

Today we can extract and estimate such substances as vitamins from foodstuffs in which they may be present in less than one part in a million. But we still do not know enough to make fully satisfactory analysis of products like jams, meat, fish pastes and sauces.

The Horsemeat Man

For example, it is impossible chemically to distinguish horsemeat once it is cooked and chopped up. One man who had been selling it as potted brawn and pressed beef to the people of twenty-four towns was caught only when police found seven hundredweight of horsemeat on his premises.

Sometimes, tampering with food and drink before it is sold to the public can result in what amounts to little short of murder. That is what happened when eight people died after a wild party in Glasgow last year; they had drunk red biddy—wine stiffened with methylated spirits.

I know a Worcester analyst who found a sample of "ice cream powder" which turned out to be lead chromate, sold by mistake. Fortunately it was never eaten, for lead chromate is used for paint pigment and is poisonous.

And, in March of last year, wholesalers all over the country were suddenly warned by telegram to withdraw stocks of starch substitute, which one of my colleagues had analysed as containing barium carbonate. It was to be sold for icing cakes. Barium carbonate, too, is a poison.

One sanitary inspector used to say that there was a substitute for everything in confectionery except flour. He was right.

There has been very little "cake" about some of the samples we have broken down. Instead they were largely made of mock cream, mock cherries, egg substitutes, synthetic sweetening compounds and mineral oil (paraffin). It has, since April, 1949, been an offence to use mineral oil in cakes, since it is an irritant rather than a food; and some doctors say it can even cause cancer.

There is no doubt that the past decade of shortages has taxed the ingenuity of manufacturers to provide a hungry public with substitutes. I remember one "egg substitute," for instance, which was flour, salt and yellow colouring matter.

One analyst fed a hen to death on poultry food advertised as containing protein, carotene and carbohydrate. He took the salesman of that product to court and obtained a conviction by producing the dead bird as an exhibit.

Still Too Lenient

Those hectic days—for the analysts—are, fortunately, over. The Government lost no time in clamping down on the manufacture and sale of substitutes, except under licence. But we are still often far too lenient.

Having lagged for centuries, legislation has only recently succeeded in eliminating scores of misleading names and descriptions of foods. The label of a well-known brand of custard powder, for instance, now contains no mention of eggs or cream. Coloured baking powder can no longer be described as "egg powder" or "egg substitute"; the trade has agreed to call it "golden raising powder."

Gone are the days when famous labels, dating back to the last century, could make unjustifiable claims. A gravy thickener consisting of flour, salt and colouring was "one of the finest and most useful foods ever invented by man." It isn't now.

A cereal breakfast food once claimed to possess "phosphates for the teeth and bones and iron for the blood"; and there was a dried herbs label which glibly claimed that it contained "vitamins A, B and C."

So Imaginative

But the most extravagantly imaginative labels of all described food mixtures made mostly of flour. "Infants in the last stages of emaciation are quickly restored to health," one said. "A food that saves life," declared another. And a third ". . . expels disease for ever."

"Tonic" was another word the Ministry of Health did not like. Steps were taken to ensure that, even in the case of the old-established "tonic water," the name should be applied only to carbonated water containing not less than half a grain of quinine per pint.

"Milk stout" went because it contained no milk. "Calves' feet jelly" had to be made from calves' feet and "baked beans" applies now only to beans oven-baked before canning.

In each tube: 100 million germs. But how to test jam is still a problem

To mention a particular food or vitamin or mineral salt on a label, the product must today contain a significant quantity of that item as an ingredient. The question of what is a significant quantity remains open, for legal standards exist only where test cases have established them. This is how we came to have a standard for sage and onion stuffing.

A county analyst I know found that one packaged stuffing was quite unpalatable. He analysed it. The result showed that it did not contain a significant quantity of onion; and he decided to prosecute.

To establish what *was* a significant quantity, he consulted twenty recipe books and decided that, for the label to bear the word "onion," the stuffing should have at least an onion flavour. Dozens of recipes were tested. The nearest he got to a suggestion of onion was at least twenty-five per cent in the mixture with the stronger-flavoured sage.

In court the climax came when the analyst for the defence was asked to taste a sample of his own stuffing. He couldn't help pulling a wry face. The judgment upheld twenty-five per cent onion as the minimum.

About five per cent of the total samples of foodstuffs we examine are found to be unsatisfactory. This means a lot of unsatisfactory food, since a sample often represents a minute portion of a large quantity on sale. But matters are improving.

With prepacking of rationed food, carried out under the Ministry of Food's supervision, there is less chance now to make a fortune out of adulterating food or serving short measure. And manufacturers are becoming more co-operative. In the past four years more than 30,000 labels have been submitted to the Ministry for advice.

Housewives' Part

Of course, it is true that the important thing is not the number of prosecutions but the manufacturer's knowledge that his product is likely to be sampled over and over again.

And food is not only a matter of scrutiny by inspectors and analysts. The housewife, too, should play her part by reading labels and making sure she gets what she is paying for.

Not long ago a shopkeeper told me how he had sold a consignment of condemned, rancid fat. It was put up in tins with a prominent notice: "Plumbers' Tallow. Not for Food."

It didn't seem to make much difference, he said. Most of it was bought by housewives—for frying chips!

Secret strife of the phoney war

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

TEN YEARS AFTER

IN THE FIRST WEEKS of 1940 it was still ominously all quiet on the Western Front. But the phoney war was deceptive. Behind the scenes on both sides plans of attack were being made and scrapped, disagreements boiling over.

Captain Liddell Hart, with whose expert views various schools of thought were at the time freely fortifying their own theories, here tells in fascinating detail the full story of that strange phase of the war.

Only now is there enough evidence to explain factors that mystified the British public.

Liddell Hart tells why Hore-Belisha was sacked. He draws the first complete picture of the sensational events that led to Hitler's switch of plan—and comments that the whole war might have been changed if Hitler had taken different sides in the dispute between his blitzkrieg generals.

This reassessment is the second of a series Liddell Hart is contributing to JOHN BULL on major crises of the second World War—as seen in full perspective ten years after.

"THE PHONEY WAR" was a phrase coined by the American Press. Like so many vivid Americanisms it soon came to be adopted on this side of the Atlantic. It has become firmly established as a name for the period of the war from the collapse of Poland in September, 1939, until the opening of Hitler's offensive in the spring of 1940.

Those who coined the phrase meant to convey that the war was spurious—because no great battles were being fought between the Franco-British and German forces.

In reality, it was a period of ominous activity—behind the curtain. Most vital of all the hidden incidents was the strange accident that befell a German staff officer who was carrying plans on January 10, 1940. It gave Hitler a terrific fright, yet turned out to Germany's military advantage and the Allies' fatal disadvantage. In the following weeks the plan was completely changed. The old one would have had nothing like the same chance of success as the new one attained.

But all this was unknown to the world. The people everywhere could only see that the battle fronts remained quiet, and concluded that Mars had fallen into a slumber.

Popular explanations of this outwardly passive state differed. One was that Britain and France were not really serious in their war-making intentions, despite their declaration of war on behalf of Poland, and were waiting to negotiate peace. The other popular explanation was that they were being cunning. The American Press contained many "reports" that the French and British High Command had adopted what was called "Liddell Hart's defensive strategy," and was deliberately holding its hand while preparing a trap for the Germans.

There was no foundation for either of these explanations.

During that autumn and winter the Allied Governments and High Commands spent much time in discussing offensive plans against Germany or Germany's flanks—which they had no possibility of achieving with their scanty resources—instead of concentrating on the preparation of an effective defence against Hitler's coming attack on them.

For me, it was painfully ironical to read these American reports "from well-informed sources," since I was only too acutely aware that the French and British High Commands, instead of "putting first things first," were projecting a variety of dream offensives that could not possibly succeed, with the resources they had.

I knew that, before the outbreak of war, the German *panzer* forces *had* adopted the method of attack which I had expounded in earlier years—their chief, General Guderian, spoke of himself as "one of Liddell Hart's disciples." I had thought out the counter to it—but found that the Allied military chiefs were not disposed to adopt it. They had grasped neither the new attack method nor the antidote to it, and were still planning on old lines.

Lived In Dream-world

After the fall of France, the Germans captured the files of the French High Command—and published a collection of sensational documents from them. These showed how the Allied chiefs had spent the winter in contemplating offensive plans all round the circle—for striking at Germany's rear flank through Norway, Sweden and Finland; for striking at the Ruhr through Belgium; for striking at her remote eastern flank through Greece and the Balkans; for cutting off her loan-source of petrol supply by striking at Russia's great oilfields in the Caucasus.

It was a wonderful collection of fantasies—which showed up the vain imaginings of Allied leaders, and how they were living in a dream-world until Hitler's own offensive knocked them on the head.

After the collapse of Poland, and the Western Allies' rejection of Hitler's peace offer early in October, a long interval occurred with little happening on the surface. The newspapers had to pad out their columns with speculation—most of it absurdly optimistic.

Then, on November 30, the Russians invaded Finland. That provided war news of real substance, though of a different war to the one in which we were engaged. During December the papers were filled with accounts of the Finns' gallant repulse of the Red Army.

The opening week of the new year brought sensational "home" news—the removal of Hore-Belisha from the post of Secretary of State for War, and his rejection of the offer of an alternative Cabinet post. The papers were full of speculation as to the reasons. But the Prime Minister abstained and the sacked Minister refrained from explaining the real cause.

Each of these events on different planes had a closer relation than was apparent with the storm that was soon to break on the Western Front.

The invasion of Finland diverted French and British attention away from the Western Front, and lured the Allied Powers into embarking on new plans that nearly precipitated disaster.

The removal of Hore-Belisha from the War Office was directly due to an internal storm in the Allied headquarters that was hidden from the public. The military chiefs "blew up" at the way he had questioned the adequacy of the defences on the Western Front. Within five months his doubts, which had excited so much indignant protest from complacent commanders, were all too fully confirmed by shattering events.

It was only by mere chance—indeed, a chain of chance factors—that Hitler's assault on the Western Front was not launched long before May, 1940. Here lies the prime revelation, or series of revelations, that comes from postwar investigation of what was taking place on "the other side of the hill"—the enemy's side.

Hitler, whose mind was always moving ahead of events, began to think of taking the offensive in the West while the Polish campaign was drawing to a close, and before he made his public proposal for a general peace conference. It is evident that he had already come to realize that any such proposal was unlikely to receive consideration by the Western Allies. For the moment, however, he allowed only his immediate entourage to know how his mind was trending. He kept the General Staff in the dark until after he publicly made his peace offer, on October 6, and it had been publicly rebuffed.

Germany's Only Chance

A few days later he set out his views in a long memorandum, for the German Army chiefs, giving the reasons for his conviction that an offensive in the West was the only possible course left to Germany. In it he set forth his conclusion that a prolonged war with France and Britain would tend to exhaust Germany's resources, and expose her to a deadly attack in the back from Russia.

He feared that his pact with Russia would not ensure her neutrality a moment longer than suited her purpose. His fear urged him to force peace on France by an early offensive. He believed that once France fell out Britain would come to terms.

He reckoned that for the moment he had the strength and equipment to beat France—because Germany possessed a superiority in the new arms that mattered most. "The tank-arm and air force have, at the present time, attained technical heights—not only as weapons of attack but also for defence—that no other power has reached. Their strategic potential for operations is ensured by their organization and well-practised leadership, which is better than in any other country." While recognizing that the French had a superiority in the older weapons, particularly heavy artillery, he argued that "these weapons are of no decisive significance whatsoever in mobile warfare."

With his technical superiority in the newer arms he could also discount the French superiority in the number of trained soldiers.

Hitler On His Troops

He went on to argue that if he waited, in the hope that the French would get tired of war, "the development of British fighting power would bring to France a new fighting element that would be of great value to her, both psychologically and materially"—to buttress her defence. "What must be prevented above all is that the enemy should make good the weakness of his own armaments, particularly in anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons, thereby creating a balance of power. In this respect the passing of every further month represents a loss of time unfavourable to the German power of attack."

He showed anxiety about the "will to war" of the German soldier once the exhilarating effect of the easy conquest of Poland wore off. "His respect for himself is as great as the respect he commands from others, at present. But six months of delaying warfare and effective propaganda on the part of the enemy might cause these important qualities to weaken once more."

(Events showed that Hitler's anxiety was misplaced. French morale declined more than the German in the seven months' delay that actually occurred. Allied propaganda was not effective—there was far too little attempt to distinguish between the ordinary German and the Nazi chiefs. Worse still, scant encouragement was given by the British Government to several secret approaches made by influential sections in Germany who wanted to overthrow Hitler and make peace if they could get satisfactory assurance as to the peace conditions that the Allies had in mind.)

Hitler felt that he must strike soon, before it was too late, saying: "In the present situation, time may be reckoned an ally of the Western Powers rather than of ours." His memorandum wound up with the conclusion that: "The attack is to be launched this autumn, if conditions are at all possible."

He insisted that Belgium must be included in the area of attack, not only to obtain room for manoeuvre to outflank the French Maginot Line, but also to forestall the danger of the Anglo-French forces entering Belgium and deploying on the frontier close to the Ruhr, "thereby bringing the war near to the heart of our armaments industry." (As the French archives reveal, that was exactly what Gamelin, the French Commander-in-Chief, had been advocating.)

The disclosure of Hitler's intentions came as a shock to Brauchitsch, the

A card game behind barbed wire on the French front—a picture that symbolized the phoney war. But the generals were busy and agitated

Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and Halder, the Chief of the General Staff. In common with all the senior German generals, they did not share Hitler's belief in the power of the new arms to overcome the opponents' superiority in military-trained manpower.

Reckoning on customary lines in numbers of divisions, they argued that the German Army had not nearly enough strength to defeat the Western armies. They pointed out that the ninety-eight divisions which Germany had managed to mobilize were considerably fewer than the total on the other side, and that thirty-six of these divisions were badly armed and barely trained — consisting largely of men over forty who had served in the first World War but not yet been retrained.

They were apprehensive, too, of spreading the war—into another world war—fearing that it would have a fatal ending for Germany.

To Overthrow The Fuehrer

They were so disturbed that they contemplated desperate remedies. Just as at the time of the Munich crisis, a year before, they started to consider taking action to overthrow Hitler. The idea was to dispatch a picked force from the front to march on Berlin. But General Fromm, the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Force, declined to co-operate—and his help was essential.

Fromm argued that if the troops were ordered to turn against Hitler they would not obey—because the bulk of the ordinary soldiers put their trust in Hitler. Fromm's judgment about the troops' reaction was probably correct. It is corroborated by most of the officers who were in touch with troops and did not know of what was being discussed in the high headquarters.

The mass of the troops and people, if not intoxicated by triumph, were doped by Goebbels's propaganda about Hitler desiring peace while the Allies were determined on the destruction of Germany. (Unfortunately, the Allied statesmen and Press furnished Goebbels with all too many quotable morsels of this kind to support his picture of the Allied wolf wanting to devour the German lamb.)

While this first wartime plot against Hitler was stillborn, he did not succeed in launching his offensive in the autumn as he had hoped. Ironically, that proved fortunate for him and unfortunate for the rest of the world.

The date fixed for the offensive was November 12. On the fifth Brauchitsch made a fresh attempt to dissuade Hitler from invading France, setting forth at much length the reasons against it. But Hitler rebuffed his arguments and rebuked him severely, while insisting that the attack must start on the twelfth.

Two days later the order was cancelled—when meteorologists forecast bad weather. The date was put off five days, and then postponed again.

While the bad and bitter weather that set in was an obvious ground for postponement, Hitler was furious at having to acquiesce, and far from satisfied that it was the only cause. He summoned all the high commanders to a conference on November 23.

Here he set out to dispel their doubts about the necessity of taking the offensive—expressing anxiety about the looming menace of Russia, while emphasizing that the Western Allies would not consider his peace offers and were multiplying their armaments. "Time is working for our adversary." "We have an Achilles' Heel—the Ruhr. . . . If Britain and France push through Belgium and Holland into the Ruhr, we shall be in the greatest danger."

He went on to reproach them with faintheartedness, and let them know that he suspected them of trying to sabotage his plans. He pointed out that they had opposed each of his steps from the reoccupation of the Rhineland onwards, that he had been justified by success each time, and that he now expected them to follow his ideas unconditionally. Brauchitsch's attempt to point out the differences and greater risks in the new venture merely drew a harder rebuke.

That evening Hitler saw Brauchitsch privately and gave him a further "dressing down." Brauchitsch thereupon tendered his resignation, but Hitler brushed it aside, and told him to obey his orders.

Dramatic Forced Landing

However, the weather proved a better saboteur than the generals, and led to a fresh series of postponements during the first half of December. Then Hitler decided to wait until the new year, and grant Christmas leave. The weather was again bad just after Christmas, but on January 10 Hitler fixed the start of the offensive for the seventeenth.

But the very day he took that decision a dramatic "intervention" occurred. I relate the story as it was told to me by General Student, the Commander-in-Chief of the German Airborne Forces:

> "On January 10 a major detailed by me as liaison officer to the 2nd Air Fleet flew from Munster to Bonn to discuss some unimportant details of the plan with the air force. He carried with him, however, *the complete operational plan for the attack in the West*.
>
> "In icy weather and a strong wind he lost his way over the frozen and snow-covered Rhine, and flew into Belgium, where he had to make a forced landing. He was unable to burn completely the vital document. Important parts of it fell into the hands of the Belgians, and consequently the outline of the whole German plan for the Western offensive. The German air attaché in The Hague reported that on the same evening the King of the Belgians had a long telephone conversation with the Queen of Holland."

Of course, the Germans did not know at the time exactly what had happened to the papers, but they naturally feared the worst, and had to reckon with it. In that crisis Hitler kept a cool head, in contrast to others. To continue Student's account:

> "It was interesting to watch the reactions of this incident on Germany's leading men. While Goering was in a rage, Hitler remained quite calm and self-possessed. . . . At first he wanted to strike immediately, but fortunately refrained—and he decided to drop the original operational plan entirely. This was replaced by the Manstein plan."

General Warlimont, who held a key post in the Supreme Command headquarters, told me that Hitler made up his mind on January 16 to change the

Hore-Belisha after resigning as War Minister—"directly due to a storm in Allied headquarters that was hidden from the public"

plan, and that "this was chiefly due to the air accident"

That proved very unfortunate for the Allies, even though they were given a further four months' grace for preparation, since the German offensive was now put off indefinitely while the plan was being completely recast, and did not come until May 10. When it was launched, it threw the Allies completely off their balance and led to the speedy collapse of the French armies, while the British barely escaped by sea, from Dunkirk.

Was It Accidental?

All these shattering events ensued from that strange accident by which a mere major delivered the original German plan into foreign hands.

It is natural to ask whether it really was an accident. I explored this question after the war in discussion with many of the generals involved. It might be expected that any of them would be only too glad to put themselves in a favourable light with their captors by claiming that they had arranged this warning to the Allies. Yet, in fact, none of them did so—and all seemed convinced that the accident was quite genuine.

But we know that Admiral Canaris, the head of the German Secret Service—who was later executed—took a lot of hidden steps to thwart Hitler's aims, and that just prior to the attacks in the spring on Norway, Holland and Belgium, warnings were conveyed to the threatened countries—though they were not properly heeded

We know, too, that Canaris worked in mysterious ways, and was skilled in covering up his tracks. So the fateful accident of January 10 is bound to remain an open question

No such doubt surrounds the origination of the new plan. I was able to trace this in my investigations immediately after the war. It forms another strange episode—though strange in a different way

The old plan, worked out by the General Staff under Halder, had been to make the main attack through central Belgium—as in 1914 It was to be carried out by Army Group "B" under Bock, while Army Group "A" under Rundstedt delivered a secondary attack, on the left through the hilly and wooded Ardennes No big results were expected here, and all the armoured divisions were allotted to Bock, as the General Staff regarded the Ardennes as far too difficult country for a tank drive.

(The French General Staff took exactly the same view. So had our General Staff When in November, 1933, I was consulted as to how our fast tank formations—which the War Office was just beginning to form—could best be used in a future war, I had suggested that, in the event of a German invasion of France, we should deliver a tank counter-stroke through the Ardennes. I was thereupon told that "the Ardennes were impassable to tanks," to which I replied that, from personal study of the terrain, I regarded such a view as a delusion)

The Chief of Staff of Rundstedt's Army Group was Erich von Manstein—regarded by his fellows as the ablest strategist among the younger generals. He felt that the first plan was too obvious, and too much a repetition of the Schlieffen plan of 1914—so that it was just the kind of stroke for which the Allied High Command would be prepared

Another drawback, Manstein argued, was that it would meet the British Army, which was likely to be a tougher opponent than the French. Moreover, it would not lead to a decisive result. To quote his own words: "We could perhaps defeat the Allied forces in Belgium We could conquer the Channel coast. But it was probable that our offensive would be definitely stopped on the Somme. Then there would grow up a situation like 1914 . . . there would be no chance of reaching a peace."

The Big Question

Reflecting on the problem, Manstein had already conceived the bold solution of shifting the main stroke to the Ardennes, feeling that this would be the line of least expectation. But there was one big question in his mind, about which he consulted Guderian—in November, 1939

Here is what Guderian told me: "Manstein asked me if tank movements would be possible through the Ardennes in the direction of Sedan. He explained his plan of breaking through the extension of the Maginot Line near Sedan, in order to avoid the old-fashioned Schlieffen plan, familiar to the enemy and likely to be expected once more. I knew the terrain from the first World War, and, after studying the map, confirmed his view Manstein then convinced General von Rundstedt, and a memorandum was sent to O.K.H. (the Supreme Headquarters of the Army, headed by Brauchitsch and Halder) O.K.H refused to accept Manstein's idea. But the latter succeeded in bringing his idea to Hitler's knowledge"

Warlimont brought Manstein's idea to the notice of Hitler's headquarters, after a talk he had with Manstein in mid-December He mentioned it to Jodl, who passed it on to Hitler. But it was only after the air accident of January 10, when Hitler was looking for a new plan, that Manstein's proposal, thus brought back into his mind, began to get a hold Even then a month passed before he swung definitely in favour of it.

The final decision was clinched in a curious way. Brauchitsch and Halder had not liked the manner in which Manstein had pressed his "brain-wave" in opposition to their plan. So it was decided to remove him from his post, and send him to command an infantry corps—where he would be out of the main channel and not so well placed to push his ideas. But following this transfer he was summoned to see Hitler, and had an opportunity to explain his idea in full

This interview was arranged on the initiative of General Schmundt, Hitler's chief aide-de-camp, who was a fervent admirer of Manstein and felt he had been badly treated

After that, Hitler pressed the idea on Brauchitsch and Halder so hard that they gave way, and remodelled the plan on Manstein's lines While Halder was a reluctant convert, he was an extremely able staff officer and the detailed drafting of the plan was a remarkable piece of logistical planning.

A rather amusing sequel was that Hitler, once he had swung in favour of the new key-idea, was quick to assume that he had himself conceived it. All he gave Manstein was the credit of having agreed with him! For, referring to this discussion, he subsequently remarked "Among all the generals I talked to about the new plan in the West, Manstein was the only one who understood me."

Whole War Might Have Altered

If we analyse the course of events when the offensive was launched, in May, it becomes clear that the old plan would almost certainly have failed to produce the fall of France. Indeed, it might have done no more than push the Allied armies back to the French frontier, even if it did that. For the main German advance would have run head-on into the strongest and best-equipped part of the Franco-British forces, and would have had to fight its way forward through a stretch of country filled with obstacles—rivers, canals and large towns. The Ardennes might seem more difficult still, but if the Germans could race through that wooded hill-belt of southern Belgium before the French High Command awoke to the danger, the rolling plains of France would be open to them—ideal country for a great tank drive.

If the old plan had been maintained, and come to an impasse as was probable, the whole outlook of the war would have been very different.

While it is unlikely that France and Britain could ever have defeated Germany on their own, a definite check to the German offensive would have given them time to develop their armaments, particularly in aircraft and tanks, and thus establish a balance of power in these new arms. The unconcealable failure of Hitler's bid for victory would also have shaken the confidence of his troops and people

Thus a stalemate in the West would have given Hitler's strong group of opponents at home a good chance to gain increasing support and develop their plans for overthrowing him as a preliminary to peace. However things had turned out after the check, it is likely that Europe would have been saved much of the ruin and misery that befell her peoples as the result of the events that ensued from the collapse of France

While Hitler benefited so much from the air accident that led him to change the plan, the Allies suffered much from it. One of the strangest features of the whole story is that they did so little to profit by the warning that had fallen into their lap For the documents which the German staff officer was carrying were not badly burned, and copies of them were promptly passed on by the Belgians to the French and British Governments—revealing clearly the outline of the German plan. But their military advisers, as well as the Belgians, were inclined to regard the documents as having been planted on them as a deception

That view hardly made sense, for it would have been a foolish kind of deception to risk putting the Belgians on their guard and driving them into closer collaboration with the French and British! They might easily have decided to open their frontier and let the Franco-British armies come in, to reinforce their defences, before the blow fell

Allies Went Blindly Ahead

Even stranger was that the Allied High Command made no change in its own plans, or took any precautions to meet the probability that if the captured plan were genuine the German High Command would almost certainly shift the weight of its attack elsewhere. The Allies merely went ahead with their own plans!

In mid-November the Allied Supreme Council had endorsed Gamelin's Plan D, a hazardous development—which the British Staff had at first questioned—of the initial plan. Under Plan D the reinforced left wing of the Allied Armies was to rush into Belgium as soon as Hitler started to move, and push as far eastward as possible

That plan played straight into Hitler's hands, and was exactly what he had hoped for, as it fitted perfectly into his new plan. The farther the Allied left wing pushed into central Belgium the easier it would be for his tank drive through the Ardennes to get round behind it and cut it off

The fatal outcome was made all the more certain because the Allied High Command employed the bulk of its mobile forces in the advance into Belgium and left only a thin screen of second-rate divisions to guard the hinge of its advance—facing the exits from the "impassable Ardennes." To make it all the worse, the defences which they had to hold were particularly weak—in that gap between the end of the Maginot Line and the beginning of the British fortified front.

What Churchill Omits

Churchill mentions in his memoirs that anxiety had been felt in British quarters during the autumn about that gap and says: "Mr Hore-Belisha, the Secretary of State for War, raised the point in the War Cabinet on several occasions. . . . The Cabinet and our military leaders were naturally shy of criticizing those whose armies were ten times as strong as our own"

After Hore-Belisha's departure early in January, following the storm which his criticisms had aroused, there was still less inclination to press the point There was also a dangerous growth of false confidence, in Britain as well as in France. Churchill does not mention in his memoirs that on January 27 he declared, in a speech, that "Hitler has lost his best chance"

That comforting assertion was headlined in the newspapers next day. It was the very time when the new plan was fermenting in Hitler's mind

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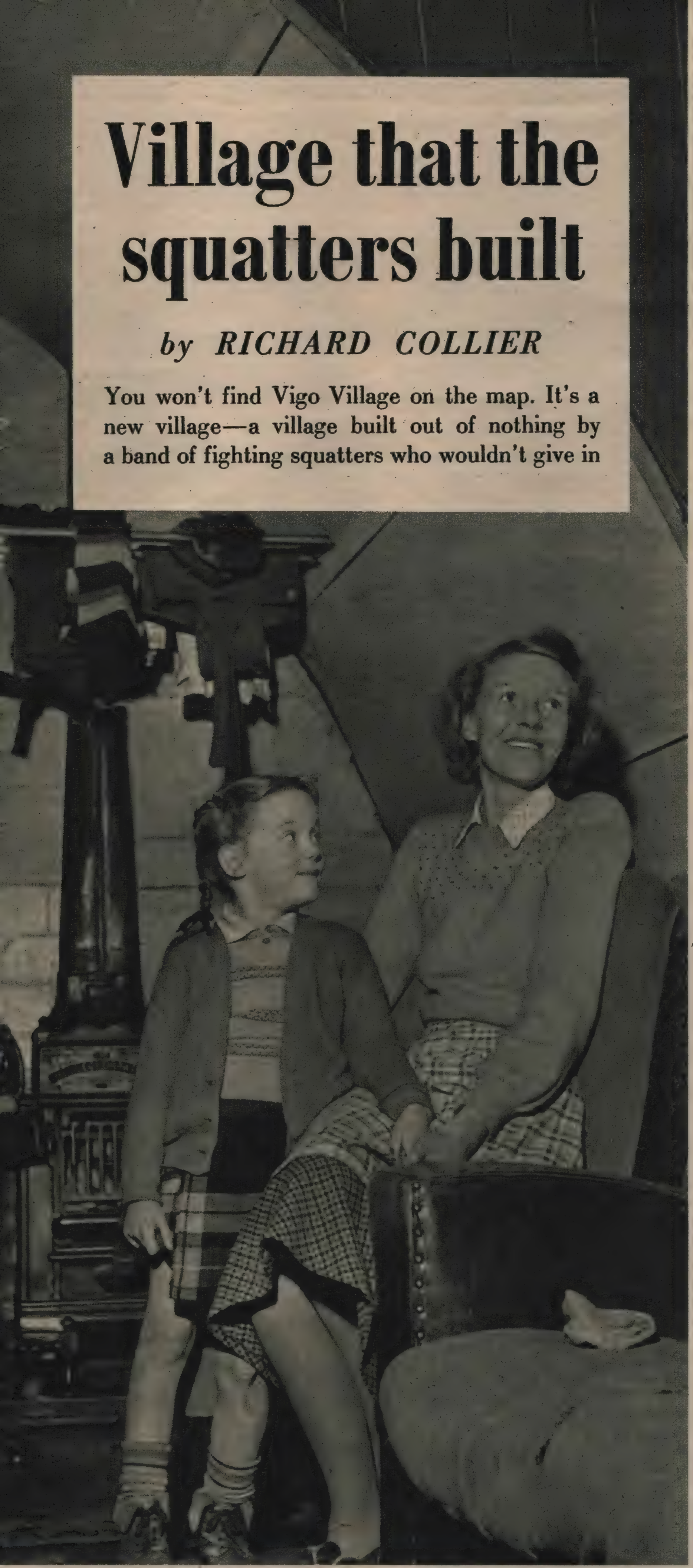
Village that the squatters built

by RICHARD COLLIER

You won't find Vigo Village on the map. It's a new village—a village built out of nothing by a band of fighting squatters who wouldn't give in



Ethel Sutherland in her Nissen hut home. She knew Vigo when it was an army camp; met her husband there while serving in the N.A.A.F.I.

THE GREEN DOUBLE-DECKER bus (Service 116) that runs six times daily out of Gravesend High Street arrives approximately thirty-five minutes later at a village close to the old Pilgrim's Way, that is known locally, and by common consent, as Vigo. Both bus and village are something of a phenomenon.

Three years ago there was no such bus service, and—odder still—no such village. The oddest thing of all is that a mild, bald-headed little electrical draughtsman named Reginald Alfred George Newman regards even the incidence of the bus service as something altogether too commonplace to be worth discussing.

"We created Vigo out of nothing," he says. "If we couldn't lay on a bus service to come and take us to work after that, we'd be a pretty poor lot of pioneers."

As the present secretary and organizing genius of the Vigo Village Tenants' Association, Newman, in common with Vigo's 1,500 other inhabitants, has fought for the accomplishment of something which is probably unique in postwar England. Through sheer unstinted effort and determination, a random and unpromising assortment of squatters, who settled in desperation on an old army camp in the heart of the Kentish woodland, have now achieved the full status and dignity of a thriving community.

Heartbreak And Comedy

The first indication came when the signposts lining the main Meopham—Wrotham road began to point the way to "Vigo Village." The bus service merely set the seal on that.

When Vigo makes its début on the next ordnance survey map of Kent, Newman and the others will have written *finis* to a chapter in their lives that has had more than a generous share of heartbreak, not a little incidental comedy, capped by the supreme and final knowledge that their future is now assured.

The story of the Vigo Village began in the autumn of 1946, when the local councils of Gravesend, Strood and Northfleet, in common with most other councils, were faced with a housing situation that was something more than bleak. In four years, labour and materials permitting, they had a reasonable hope of building some 1,100 houses.

At that time the combined waiting list for council flats and houses totalled over 3,000. A man like Jock Sutherland, for instance, who was still in the Army, though he had six years' war service to his credit and two small children, might still have had to wait as long as four years for a house.

But Jock, like so many other husbands, was away from home, and it fell to his young wife, Ethel, to make the first move. Ethel was living in furnished "digs" out on the Dartford Road, but one morning, while she was "having a grouse" in the local grocer's shop, she was startled by the discreet intervention of a friendly policeman.

"If you're so stuck for a decent place to live in," he said, "why don't you have a go at squatting? They tell me there's a place called Wrotham Camp, out near Gravesend, where the squatters have started to move in."

"Even then," Ethel confesses, "I don't think I'd ever have had the nerve to squat if it hadn't been for what you might call the sentimental associations. You see, I'd worked in that camp for nine months in wartime, as a N.A.A.F.I. girl, and it was there that I first met my husband."

As things turned out, the sentimental associations of the camp were the only surviving factors likely to have warmed anyone's heart. Three hundred and fifty unfurnished Nissen huts, thirty by sixteen feet, set down in the heart of a wet and secluded wood, would be cold enough comfort at any time, but, to complicate matters still further, few of the huts had either lighting or water.

Looters and hooligans had wreaked havoc with such prized necessities as crockery and electric light bulbs. There was no main drainage. Dust lay thick everywhere and the walls were a-sweat with damp.

Took First Hut They Saw

By this time, the squatters were beginning to arrive in force. Some, with no other possessions than the clothes they wore, took the bus from Gravesend to the nearby Vigo Inn, struck out blindly into the four square miles of woods and plumped for the first hut they saw. Not all of them were even local inhabitants.

One woman, armed with only a couple of suitcases, came all the way from Warwickshire. Those who had furniture brought it by the lorry-load, in taxis they had hired in sudden bursts of extravagance, or—in one instance—in a pony and trap.

Like hundreds of others on the camp, Ethel Sutherland had to call on a sense of improvisation that she had never even known existed.

She had no kettle, so water had to be boiled in an old pie-dish, on an antique barrack-room stove. To find the coal to fire it, she had to trek to an abandoned coal dump half a mile away—and bring back her coal in a pram.

Beds From Old Wardrobes

Others, meanwhile, were showing a similar initiative in coping with their own particular headaches. Bill Smith, an ex-chief shipwright working in Gravesend, sent a telegram to his wife May, who was staying with her mother in Colchester—"Are you willing to squat anywhere?" May was willing enough — though she hadn't fully realized until she arrived at Vigo that the chairs she sat on, the bed she slept in, even the cabinet in which she kept her china, would all have to be constructed by Bill himself out of old Army wardrobes.

One woman, too impatient to wait for her husband to return from abroad and make a home for her, decided to set to and make one for him. She dragged wardrobes through the undergrowth and broke them up, even chopped down trees until she had fashioned an entire suite. Finally, when her husband returned to survey her handiwork, he announced that he wasn't going to live on a squatter's camp at any price, and hauled her off to furnished rooms again.

Sometimes it was difficult to draw

the dividing line between initiative and lawlessness. On one occasion, Ethel Sutherland opened her door to find two men preparing to remove her bed. "Sorry," they said sheepishly. "We thought it belonged to the Army."

Later she missed some mats—"I see them quite often in a neighbour's house, but I hate to say anything, because I know she thought they were Army ones." The climax came when she caught the two men of the bed episode preparing to remove another article of furniture.

"Sorry," they said, with a little more assurance this time. "We thought it belonged to the Army." "And what," demanded Ethel tartly, "do you think the Army would have done with a high chair?"

Miles From The Shops

Though they now had a roof over their heads—which, in the majority of cases, leaked — Vigo's 1,500 citizens found few other advantages.

The nearest shopping centre was at Meopham, two miles away; Gravesend, where most of the bread-winning had to be done, was eight. When the snows of that winter enveloped the whole Weald of Kent, even the main bus services came to a halt. Newman, who had recently arrived on the site with his wife and two small daughters after six years as an airfield controller in the R.A.F., found that he had to walk a level sixteen miles to and from work every day, often knee-deep in snow.

"Funnily enough," Newman says now, "it was just the fact that things were so bad that decided us we'd got to stick it out. I don't know what the turning-point was for other people, but in my case it was just a simple matter of wanting a drink of water. The freeze-up even put paid to our water supply, so that one day, when I was terribly thirsty, I had to go into one of the deserted sheds and break a pipe in order to get a drink.

"The water sprayed all over the place, and, as I held my mouth near the pipe, getting soaked in the process, it suddenly seemed to me that all this would be worth while if only we could stay and make a go of it."

When The Rent Man Came

It was providential that just at that time the three local councils decided to act—though not unnaturally, since the squatters were occupying council property, their first demand was that rent should be paid. The general reaction to this, though expressed in varying ways, was unanimous.

One woman greeted the rent-collector with a pailful of slops, delivered fair and square. Ethel Sutherland drew herself up haughtily and ordered him out of her house—"I had to bluff it out through sheer terror." Newman, who had never had any previous experience in organizing or committee work in his life, decided that if things weren't quickly going to lapse into anarchy, it was time to act.

He canvassed the huts by night, gathering some of the more responsible spirits around him and forming a plan of campaign. Within a few days, a carefully worded ultimatum was being pondered by each council—if rent was to be paid, the camp, which was divided roughly into four sites, must now become the councils' joint responsibility. If the councils did not look to their maintenance and improvement, the Vigo Village Tenants Association—so christened in honour of the "local"—would not be responsible for the general tone of the camp. The "ultimatum" was a success.

The rents were first fixed at 5s. per week, plus 2s. 7d. for rates and 10d. for water, lighting and other services, and from that moment on there was not one single instance of a tenant trying to default. This public-spiritedness was largely influenced by the fact that very soon afterwards the three councils set to work on the task of equipping every hut on the site with electric light, running water and main drainage.

Start Of The Squatter Traders

The main problem of the villagers—a convenient shopping centre—still remained to be solved.

Then one day, young Harry Howes, who had traded-in his café in East Ham immediately after demob for the chance of having a home of his own, realized that the hundred-odd council employees who were now working on the site were pretty poorly catered for in the way of food and drink. There was nowhere within easy reach for them to get a hot meal, or a cup of tea to wash down their sandwiches. "I saw the chance of beginning all over again in my old line—and that was how the Chestnut Café started."

Harry cooked his first meals on an old army combustion stove that he had dragged from an abandoned cook-house and installed with his own hands. His idea quickly caught on with other dispossessed traders on the site, and soon Vigo had a newsagent's, a bakery, a butcher's and a haberdasher's.

A sudden spate of local trade enterprise that followed brought reassurance to a good many hearts. One later arrival confessed: "My heart was in my mouth at the idea of being buried away in the middle of a wood, but as soon as I saw a Co-op and a fried fish shop, I said: "Ah! This is home!"

But the Vigo-ites still had other problems to settle. Many of them arose from the ordinary mishaps that might befall the citizens of any community. Though the Army had laid down macadamized roads throughout the camp, for example, finding one's way home in the dark was slow and treacherous.

The climax came one night when a woman fell into a deep slit-trench and sprained her ankle. As a result of this, Newman and a group of other stalwarts pressed the councils for—and got—street lighting.

There was, again, the time when Newman began to find that various of the inhabitants were always "out" when he called, and formed the impression that they particularly wanted to avoid being seen. This—plus the fact that a farmer, whose pigs had stampeded into the woods, had never seen any of them again—was only one good reason why Newman successfully petitioned for a village policeman.

But out of all these victories, other problems began to arise in turn. Not only do such old-established and adjacent villages as Harvel and Fairseat lack street lighting and telephone kiosks, they lack a cinema as well, with the result that the Church Army's Captain Marrison finds himself coping on cinema nights with swarms of teenagers from miles around who try to crowd out the original inhabitants.

No Empty Pews At Vigo

Even Vigo's little Church of St. Francis—an old Army chapel re-equipped by Vigo housewives through the proceeds of sales of work, with a font built in three days out of bricks—has not quite escaped this problem. At capacity rate it seats no more than seventy-five, but many outsiders rate the sheer curiosity value of worshipping there far above the attractions of their own village church. And all the parents would like to send their children to the new primary school, for children between five and eleven, which the tenants association persuaded the Kent County Council to open in a disused racing stables on the fringe of the camp.

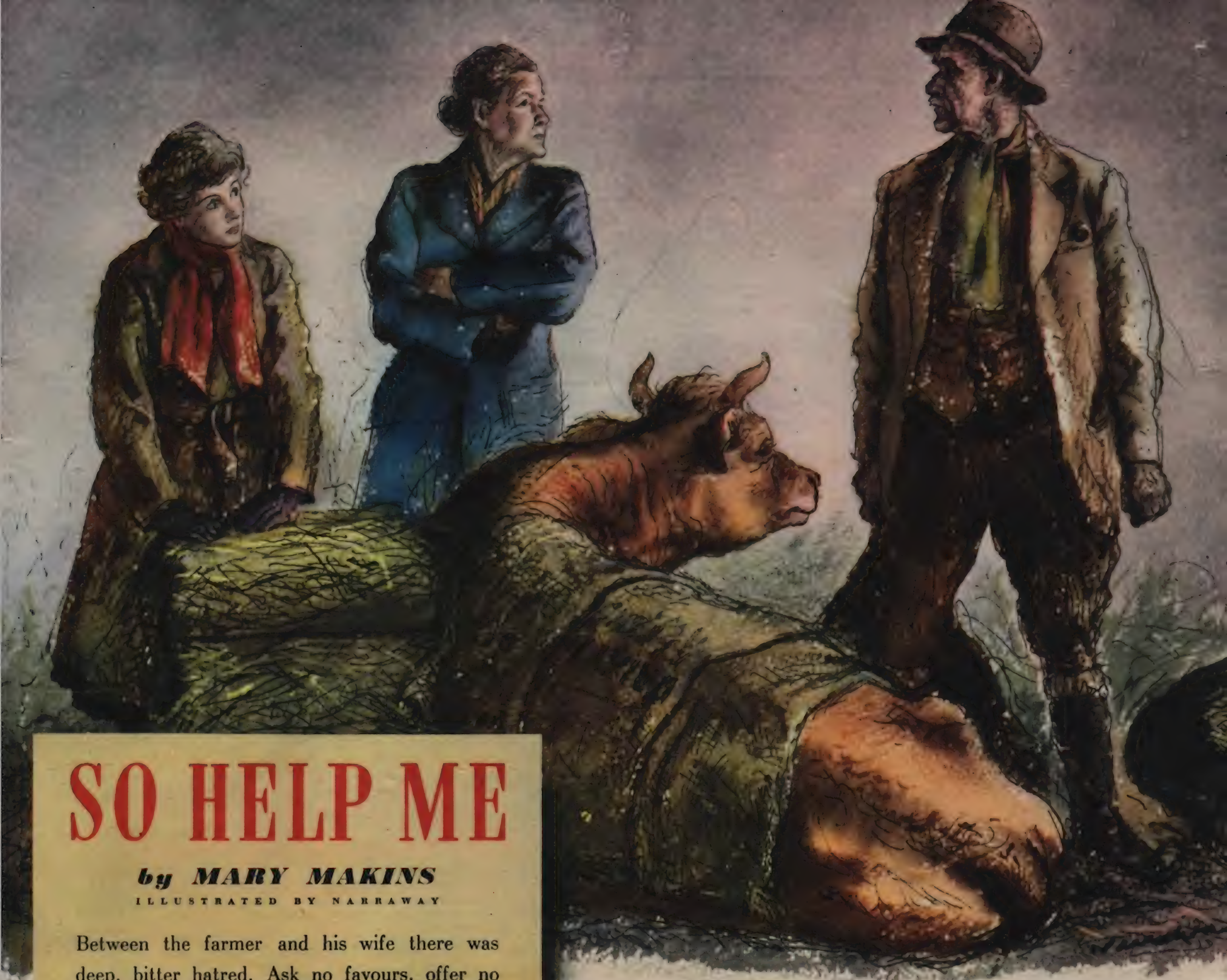
The original Army camp cost in the region of £1,000,000 to construct and the councils have jointly carried out improvements totalling more than £100,000, but Newman and his co-workers have not in the past been at all convinced that this expenditure was of any value unless the site had a permanent future.

Something like £100 had been spent on the partitioning and weatherproofing of every hut, but the life of a Nissen hut rarely exceeds ten years. Vigo's have already seen eight years' service.

Newman explains: "That was the biggest poser of all, because every one

Continued on page 30

Common hardships taught the squatters to be good neighbours. Life was a lawless free-for-all at first



She said: "We'd better wait till Bob comes." Gerard almost struck her

SO HELP ME

by MARY MAKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY NARRAWAY

Between the farmer and his wife there was deep, bitter hatred. Ask no favours, offer no help was the rule. Then came the night of crisis

THE TWO WOMEN in the kitchen could hear the farmer calling loudly as he came up the yard.

"He wants my husband," said the new cowman's wife, "and I know he's gone over to your big pasture. Mr. Gerard himself sent him down there early."

The back door opened and Gerard's weatherbeaten, harassed face appeared.

"No chance Bob Fleming came in here, I suppose?" he asked.

"No chance at all," said Mrs. Gerard, sourly. "You know you sent him down to big pasture this morning."

There was a silence, and the cowman's wife, young and unaware, plunged into it. "Is anything wrong?" she asked. "Can we help you, Mr. Gerard?" Pat Fleming had been in the Land Army and liked the work.

"Two cows have gone down since milking," said the farmer grimly. "I'm blessed if I know why. And Farrell's off in town with the truck and Bob's away over big pasture. I'm afraid we'll lose 'em if they're not attended to right away, but there's the vet to ring up, and they're on their sides——"

"Well, we'll come and help prop 'em up," cried Pat. "That's all we can do for the minute, isn't it? Mrs. Gerard and I can manage."

The farmer and his wife eyed each other for a moment. Their mutual dislike was plain.

"All right," said Mrs. Gerard, with a shrug. "Let me get my boots on."

"They're in the river meadow," Gerard said. "I'll come down with you and give you a hand getting 'em up, then if you'll stay by 'em——"

"If you'd stop talking," said his wife, as she stood up from pulling on gumboots, "we'd get there quicker."

There were no words between the three as they went down in the chill dew to the river meadow. Pat Fleming had seen a cow down and in pain before, but she had never become accustomed to the sight. These two were both on their sides, panting and struggling, sometimes fighting up into a sitting position, then twisting in agonies which threw them down again.

"Bad," she said. "Looks like colic, Mr. Gerard, though it's not usual with cows, they say."

"We'll need straw bales," said Gerard abruptly. He stumped off into the milking sheds at the top of the meadow, and the girl followed. They struggled out with two heavy oblong bales, while the farmer's wife collected and flung over her arm half a dozen old sacks from the tops of the food bins. "Have to keep 'em warm," she said.

She was evidently full of resentment. She worked with a sullen energy that Pat Fleming felt was directed against Gerard.

They laid one straw bale by the first cow, then the man took the animal's horns and pulled her head up strongly. The women knelt behind her shoulders, and as she swung over they heaved her up into a sitting position. Then, with Mrs. Gerard's strong arms still steadying the cow, Pat dragged in the bale behind the shoulder where it acted as a support. Now the cow could not fall on to its side.

The second was not so easy, threshing wildly as the farmer made to take her head. Suddenly Mrs. Gerard said in alarm: "Ralph—be careful. She'll gore you."

She had spoken without any tone of anger or contempt, and the farmer glanced up at once. He said nothing, neither did his looks change, but Pat felt his surprise.

"Now—shove," he said. He hauled the head up and round, and once more the woman got in a straw bale against the cow's shaking shoulder.

"I brought the sacks," said Mrs. Gerard. She spoke slowly, yet Pat felt that she was not as sullen as before.

"You're right, Mother," said Gerard. "Must keep 'em warm." He covered the animals and surveyed them critically. "Can you watch 'em for a bit while I phone?" He looked up and met his wife's eye. She was wary and contemptuous again.

As the farmer went up to the house, the women rested on the side of a straw bale, each thinking.

"Ralph must have been in a proper flummox to ask me for any help," Mrs. Gerard said at length. "And I must have been a bit daft to give it to him. I don't mind telling you, Mrs. Fleming, that I'm no believer in helping men—let 'em get along as best they can, I say. I've struggled on with children round my skirts, a great old house to clean, hens to feed, summer visitors—and the men couldn't even take their muddy boots off before the scullery door."

"Maybe I'm soft," said Pat Fleming, doubtfully. "I'm always getting Bob to do things for me. I'm not much good with baby yet—and I do miss farm work. I'm not used to being a wife instead of a land girl."

"I never asked my husband for help in all my life," said Mrs. Gerard, contempt in her voice. "If he couldn't see I needed it, well I was too proud to beg. And he leaves me alone now, too."

Pat Fleming bit her lip. Gerard was an excellent boss, and his wife, in her way, had been very good to the Flemings. It was just too bad if the Gerards could not get on together—but it was an awful pity.

Pat brought out cigarettes. "Have one," she said to the other woman. "I don't smoke more than one a day now with the baby. You have one—just to cheer me up."

"I've never smoked in my life," the farmer's wife said.

"Have to try things sometimes for the first time," said Pat. "It'll take our minds off the cold and you might like it. I don't think the odd cigarette ever hurts anybody," she said boldly.

"I tell Ralph he smokes too much," said Mrs. Gerard, but she took a cigarette and looked at it surprisedly as Pat flicked the lighter.

After a choky start, she puffed away bravely, grinning like a street urchin. "I feel like I did the day Ralph and I ran away from the Sunday school treat and went blackberrying on our own," she said suddenly. Then her mouth tightened, for out of the mist the farmer's square figure silently emerged.

"The vet'll be here in an hour," he said. "We can't do any more. Your husband will be down to help me, Mrs. Fleming, so I'll be able to manage."

Mrs. Gerard puffed at the remnant of her cigarette as if it were possible to injure it.

"We'd better wait till Bob Fleming comes," she said shortly. Gerard almost struck her. Then Fleming suddenly appeared.

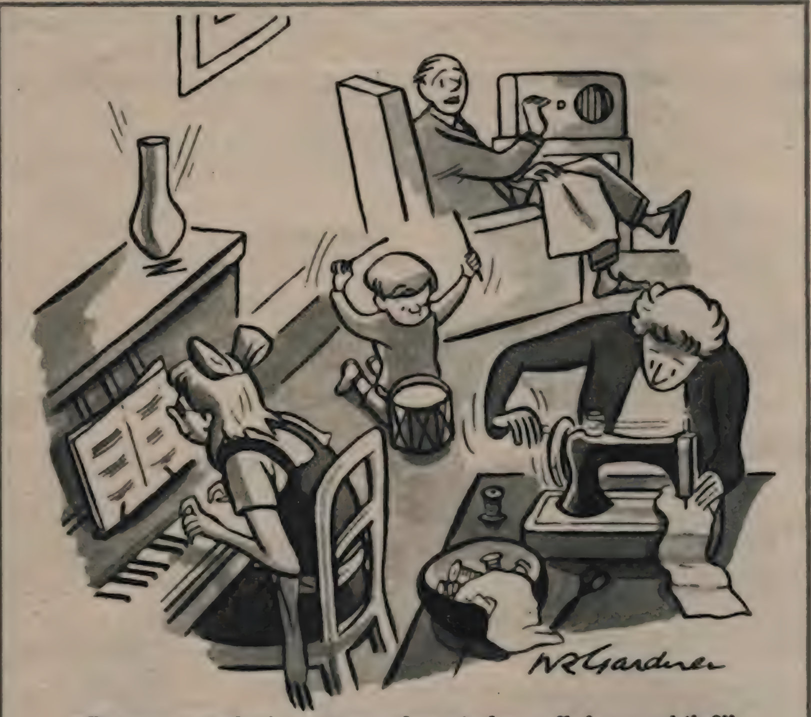
"Hello, Pat," he said to his wife. "Back on the land again? Has she been bewitching our cows, Mr. Gerard?"

"Nothing so simple," said Gerard.

"Pat's good with beasts," Bob Fleming said with pride in his voice.

"So is Nancy," said Gerard instantly, "but it doesn't do to let these girls hear us say so." Pat looked at him in surprise.

"This seems to be a sort of colic," said Fleming, as one cow lunged and shuddered under the sacks.



"Do you mind if we have the wireless off for a while?"

"What do you think it is, Nancy?" Gerard asked his wife. There was no undertone in his voice.

She looked at him a minute as if she so rarely heard that tone that it was almost unrecognizable. Then she said carefully: "It'll be colic, Ralph, but vet will say it's a lack of calcium or magnesium or some such chemical thing they haven't got. I reckon they've eaten yew or something similar—they get over by the church wall and they aren't so finicky. I'd give 'em a drench and keep 'em warm."

"That's common sense," said Fleming approvingly.

"We'll tell you what vet says," said the farmer. "Let's hope it's not milk fever—they're well past calving. Now go on indoors, Nancy, and change your stockings."

So the wives trudged off. "As if I'd need to change my stockings when I'm wearing boots," said Mrs. Gerard, grumbling—but the grumble was not a bitter one.

At the kitchen door she added half a dozen eggs to the Flemings' milk ration, and asked Pat if she would care for a bun.

"Come in and wait a minute," she said, when Pat accepted. She disappeared into the pantry, and her voice came from behind the door, conspiratorially, as if she were very far away.

"If you're always asking a man's help," she said, "surely he'll always be taking advantage of it. And what help are men anyhow?"

"They like to think they're helpful," Pat said., "They like to feel you need them round the place—Bob does."

Mrs. Gerard emerged with a circle of buns packed into a brown-paper parcel. "They're nice and new," she said.

When Ralph Gerard came in with the vet at midday, his wife's hair was smooth and she wore no overall.

"Drench," said the vet, putting down a black bottle on the dresser. "Liniment for the back and legs when they get up—they'll possibly be a bit stiff. And mind you massage their bellies. You ought not to leave them tonight."

"Sit up all night in the field, eh?" said Ralph. "Oh, well, Bob and I will manage somehow."

"I'll help if you'll let me," Nancy Gerard said. "Then we could work it in shifts and you'd both get some sleep."

"That would make it easier," said the vet. "Mustn't have you crocked up, Mr. Gerard. And I'm sure your wife is pretty capable."

"Lot more capable than I am, if truth were known," said Gerard. He looked at her seriously for a minute, and saw her face redden.

During the short winter daylight Fleming stayed by the cows and grew anxious as neither got up and the colic pains persisted. Pat came from the cottage to help him give the draughts, sticking the neck of the beer bottle in the side of the cow's mouth, while her husband hauled back each head by the horns.

"Guv'nor and I are watching through the night in four-hour shifts," he told her. "Ten till two, two till six. He's starting at ten."

After the bleak darkness of the field, tea at the cottage seemed almost a festival, and Bob Fleming made a sour face as he set the alarm. He and his wife were both in bed by half-past nine, and it was she who woke him at ten to two, with a steaming cup of cocoa and a thick sandwich.

"Just to keep the cold out," she whispered. Then, pulling on her stockings, "I'm coming down to the field with you—in case there's trouble."

"Gerard will be there to help me give the draught," he muttered. "There's no call for you to come out, Pat. It's well below freezing."

For all their jerseys and greatcoats, the cold of the night struck like a blow the moment the cottage door closed behind them. Around their heads swirled mists from the river, frost white and clammy.

"I'm sorry for those poor beasts," said Pat.

"I'm sorry for Gerard," said Bob. "Bet he didn't get a cup of cocoa."

They stopped on the far side of the hedge, peering across to where a couple of hurricane lanterns cast an uncertain circle of golden light across the frozen turf. They could see the humped shadows of the two animals, and hear Gerard's voice. Then they saw Mrs. Gerard. She sat beside him on a straw bale, her knees drawn up to her chin.

The Flemings stepped into the light. "Cows any better?" Bob asked.

"Yes, the colic's eased up a lot since midnight," Nancy Gerard said. She was white with cold and clapping her gloved hands together, but her manner was easier than it had ever been.

Gerard said: "I reckon Whitey's going to get up—she's tried once or twice in the last hour. Mum's got her money on Buttercup."

"I brought up Buttercup's mother from a calf," said Mrs. Gerard.

PAT peered across at the farmer and his wife. In the lantern light they looked as they had always looked, save that half his face was blue with unshaven beard and she seemed an old woman with the chill lines deep in her skin. Yet they were not the same; something that had been lost was found.

"We've given 'em the draught," said Gerard, "and I must say I don't care to leave 'em just for the next hour. Look, Nance, you get to bed."

"I like that," she cried, "just when the fun's going to begin! Now you two young things go back to your bed, and we'll expect you back at six."

"No, no, Mrs. Gerard——" Fleming began.

"Look at Buttercup," said Pat suddenly.

The Guernsey plunged forward unsteadily on to her knees, head nearly to the ground, gave one agonized heave of her hind quarters and rose to her feet, shaking but erect.

"Thank the Lord for that," said Gerard. "Nancy, my girl, that's a new hat for you. How are her back legs?"

The cow moved, the weight of sacks on her back sliding to one side. Fleming hurried to replace them as she took her first unsteady pace, found her feet, and started at a quick, worried walk forward.

"No paralysis, Ralph," said Mrs. Gerard. "So far so good."

"Now what about Whitey?" said Pat, looking inquiringly at her husband.

"Gerrup there!" cried Bob Fleming, and gave a fierce cut at the cow's hind quarters. Whitey uttered a grunt, struggled and rose. "She'd never have got up without the other moved first," said Bob.

"Some of us always need a good example," said Nancy Gerard. "I think I will go in now, Ralph. I just wanted to see them up."

"Just a minute, Nancy," Gerard said, "I think I'll come with you."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Art Of Easy Living

THE most potent virtue a human being can display is the art of living companionably and happily with other people.

I am not belittling other virtues. Leadership, talent, efficiency are all admirable: but they are the gift of the few. The faculty of getting along well with people and of making the course of daily life run smoothly is within the reach of us all.

We can all show sympathy, act kindly, be tactful. We can all learn to be slow to take offence, to recognize other points of view. We can all be prepared to like, rather than dislike, those we meet.

If we would all only try! What a wonderful world we could create!

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Musician with a stopwatch

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Melodies for all occasions, by the yard—that's the speciality of the man who writes twiddly bits for films

THE B.B.C. STILL remembers the day when Gracie Fields fell asleep before one of her broadcasts. The orchestra began the introduction to Gracie's first number while she slumbered on unnoticed. They were near the end of the piece when a piercing blast hit the microphones. Gracie, now wide awake, had her fingers in her mouth and was whistling down the orchestra.

"O.K., Bob," listeners heard Gracie say. "Let's start all over again."

The "Bob" whom Gracie addressed was Robert Joseph Farnon, an amiable, corn-fed Canadian, who carries fourteen stone on his six-foot frame and who bears little or no resemblance to the popular conception of a conductor or a composer. His dark hair has not yet reached the proportions usually associated with the creator of symphonies, nor does his rotund appearance suggest the slick leader of a popular jazz band.

Farnon, at thirty-two, manages to combine the classical—his first symphony was played by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra—with the popular in a musical career which alternately, and sometimes simultaneously, presents him as a composer, arranger and conductor.

At the same time, he is representative of a new type of virtuoso, the author and director of film music, or the musician with a stopwatch.

Farnon and his timepiece provided the musical direction for the Anna Neagle films *Spring in Park Lane* and *Maytime in Mayfair,* and he has just finished orchestrating Ivor Novello's music for the Technicolor production of *The Dancing Years.* Between these engagements the young Canadian has been leading a forty-six piece orchestra through a choice Sunday afternoon listening spot on the B.B.C.

And all the while he harvests royalties from his own compositions which are used by radio stations and theatres and at light orchestra concerts around the world.

Music Must Fit The Film

When Farnon is engaged on film work the stopwatch is as essential to him as a metronome to an untutored pianist. Split-second timing is more than a figure of speech in an industry which expects a composer to fit his tunes to scenes which have already been shot by the camera.

Farnon, an ex-Canadian Army captain who never did a day of square-bashing (he was musical director of *The Army Show*), was once almost driven out of his usual complacency by Michael Wilding's footwork. The problem was to compose music for a scene which showed Wilding walking down the street.

The composer looked at the film and hummed some walking-down-the-street music. It didn't fit. He looked at the film again and then a third time.

Only after having the scene run through four times did Farnon detect that Wilding was changing step every few yards. Then he wrote the music so that the actor seemed to be keeping in time with the tune.

This reverse process of suiting music to a few seconds of action has even involved Farnon in writing a song which never has been, nor ever will be, sung. It was commissioned when a director discovered a crooner in action in the background of a night-club scene.

When the scene was filmed, the crooner had been miming, not singing. Farnon was called in, shown the sequence and assigned to write music to fit the movement of the singer's lips.

"You might call it the song that wasn't there," Farnon says. "I had to write the music for a song which the guy might have been singing if he really were singing, which he wasn't."

Farnon figured out this problem without the aid of a course in lip-reading. Actually, he has developed a rudimentary proficiency in following what a person is saying, or singing, just by watching the lips.

Singers He Cannot Hear

This skill comes in handy at broadcast sessions when he is leading his orchestra during a vocal number by Kathran Oldfield or Denny Vaughan. The arrangement of microphones at the former Stage Door Canteen in Piccadilly is such that Farnon does not hear his singers, although he can watch them pour the words into a microphone.

The weekly broadcast is prefaced by a three-hour rehearsal, when Farnon puts his musicians through as many as fourteen new pieces. Each number has a Farnon arrangement which he describes as "taking popular music and playing it at its best by giving it a symphonic treatment."

Arranging tunes for a forty-five-minute broadcast takes approximately twenty-five hours of Farnon's working week, but it does give him a detailed knowledge of each number. This, in turn, increases his stature in the eyes of the musicians.

"Too many British band leaders have been just stick wavers," says Johnnie Gray, whose heavily moustachioed lips sound the tenor saxophone in Farnon's orchestra. "Farnon has such command

Farnon puts in seven hours a day at the piano in his flat. His forty works include two symphonies over the complete orchestra that your own part becomes easier. You know that he knows what note you should be playing."

Farnon's acquaintance with orchestral instruments began early, and at the age of eleven he was being introduced to music lovers in Toronto, Canada, as something of a boy wonder with anything from a flute to a fiddle.

His brother Brian, himself a dance band leader, remembers Bob from this period as a precocious child who had to be put to bed before Brian could go out to fulfil engagements. Otherwise, the younger Farnon would tag along with the band.

A Talking Part

By the time he was eighteen, Farnon was playing in orchestras on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and in 1936 he became one of the original members of *The Happy Gang*, a Canadian variety show now in its fourteenth year on the air.

"I did more talking than playing," Farnon recalls. "My part called for telling a story every day about my grandmother. I found them all in old joke books."

The Canadian Army shipped Farnon to Britain during the war as musical director for *The Army Show*, and as leader of the Canadian Band of the Allied Expeditionary Force. In this arm of General Eisenhower's forces, Farnon was associated with Glenn Miller and George Melachrino.

According to Teddy Holmes, of Chappell's, the world's largest music publishing house, Captain Farnon was seldom to be found at the head of his men. More often he was standing in the brass section with a trombone at his lips or seated among the traps beating out the rhythm.

This inclination to make a noise himself rather than just wave his arms in front of an orchestra followed Farnon into Geraldo's band, which he took over temporarily while Geraldo visited America.

"I always had to bring a spare trombone with me in those days," says Jack Bain, Edinburgh-born lead trombonist for Farnon. "Bob would get tired of just leading the band and would pick up the extra instrument. He made up a fifth part as he went along."

Farnon no longer plays during performances, although, for working out intricate harmonies, he does keep a piano in his Earls Court flat. He works there for seven hours a day, inserting arpeggios, grace notes and glissandos into popular and light orchestral numbers.

Sales Quadrupled

What Farnon and his bag of musical tricks can do for the popularity of a number was reflected recently in the sales of a tune known as *She's a Home Girl*. This song had forty-two important performances in the first month after publication. Then Farnon was persuaded to include his own arrangement on a programme and the sales quadrupled immediately.

The knack of playing a number so that listeners go out and buy copies of the music makes Farnon popular with song publishers, who deluge him with suggestions for his programmes. Although he is a man who has difficulty in saying no, Farnon has something of a preference for the established works of Jerome Kern, Cole Porter and Irving Berlin.

He also has a partiality for such pieces as *Jumping Bean* and *Portrait of a Flirt*. They are compositions by Robert Farnon.

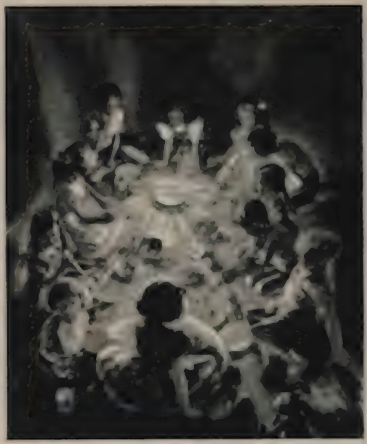
By setting aside weekends for original work, Farnon has composed about forty works, ranging from light orchestral numbers to his two symphonies. Some of these are included in the repertoire of such organizations as Arthur Fiedler's Boston Pops Orchestra. Sir Adrian Boult is conducting a performance of Farnon's Second Symphony this season.

In addition there is the film, radio and theatre background music which Farnon turns out, more or less by the yard. The standard of measurement, in fact, is the stopwatch with its sweep second hand. With one eye on the watch, he has turned out fragments as short as forty seconds in lengths.

How Beautiful is Night is the most charming of Farnon's titles. "I got it from an old poem for which I was asked to provide music," Farnon says. "I read the poetry several times and rather liked it, but I never did find out where it came from."

The poet, who thus became Farnon's lyricist, was Robert Southey. He was Britain's Poet Laureate 137 years ago.

THIS WEEK'S COVER



CLIVE HODGSON, who did the sketches for this cover painting during a birthday tea at his own home at Pembury in Kent, says he always believes in using the floor for a children's party. Young guests of all shapes and sizes are much easier to handle that way than when they are on chairs, he finds. His own three children are in this picture. The boy sucking his finger at the top left is his son Paddy. The girl on the cushion in the foreground is his daughter Susan. And the small child on her left, who seems to be looking for a refill, is his daughter Judy. Hodgson, who is now forty, was born in London but has lived most of his life in the country. Apart from painting, his great interest is farming, at which he has had a number of ventures, and which still uses up all the time he can spare away from his studio. He has illustrated a number of our stories but this is his first JOHN BULL cover.

Beating Communists at their own game

by HERBERT HODGE

A FRIEND OF MINE has written to warn me about a cultural organization we are both interested in. I won't give its name, because what he says about it could apply to almost any organization.

"I think we ought to leave it alone," he writes. "I'm afraid the Communists have got into it."

My first reaction was sick disappointment. It reminded me of the feeling I used to get as a small boy when I'd just opened my mouth to take the first large bite out of a lovely looking apple, and my mother snatched it away, saying: "Careful, dear! I'm afraid the maggots have got into it."

The two feelings were so exactly alike that I couldn't help smiling at myself. Why, I wondered, did I instinctively link Communists with maggots? After all, this was a non-party organization. As individuals, they had as much right to be in it as I had.

I get on very well with the few Communists I know. They still have hopes of converting me, and I still have hopes of converting them. Meanwhile, we denounce and ridicule each other's political beliefs, and remain friends.

The American Professor

But what I dare not forget is that Britain is one of the very few countries left in the world where we are still free to treat each other in this highly civilized way. We certainly couldn't do it in Russia. And it has always been a socially risky thing to do in the U.S.A.

I don't think I shall ever forget the elderly professor at an American university who, after I'd been speaking to the undergraduates about the way we live in Britain, took me by the elbow and conducted me down a long deserted underground corridor into the "Gents" and whispered: "Are you a member of the Party?"

I didn't embarrass him by asking which party. I simply told him that as an independent writer I wasn't tied to any party. And we left it at that. To me, fresh from my British freedom, his behaviour seemed both comical and pathetic. But it doesn't look so comical to me now. He was a kindly man. In this country, he would probably have been a humanitarian Socialist of the George Lansbury type—honoured, admired and loved. But the American way of life had turned him into a furtive whisperer.

In this country, we've come to take our freedom so much for granted that if we haven't experienced conditions in other countries we seldom realize what a unique freedom it is—or how hard our grandfathers had to fight for it, and how easily we can lose it.

I've never thought of myself as a particularly patriotic chap, but after I've added up all the things I can see wrong with my own country, I'm still convinced that we've reached a higher state of civilization here in Britain than in either Russia or America—mainly because of our complete freedom of thought and speech.

Forfeits My Trust

Which brings me back to the maggots in the apple, and why I felt sick about the Communists getting into that organization.

Thinking it over, I saw that the only thing I'd got against the individual Communist was the fact that he was a member of the Communist Party. But that was everything — because, by joining the Communist Party, he'd committed himself to wrecking my democratic civilization by every means in his power.

I could no longer trust him as a fellow member of any democratic organization I belonged to — because he no longer felt an obligation to keep faith with me. All ideas of truthfulness, honesty and good faith, in his dealings with non-Communists, were now "bourgeois illusions" in his eyes; to be used by the clever Communist for kidding the silly democrats into helping him to power.

His sole purpose in the democratic organization was to serve his party's interests—to try to gain control of it and to use it as an instrument of Cominform policy.

Democrat's Duty

But is my friend right in thinking that because Communists have got into his cultural organization, he and I should treat it like a maggoty apple and have no more to do with it?

I don't think so. It seems to me that those of us who shrink from associating with Communists (as if they were liable to give us the smallpox) are offering the control of our organizations to them just as surely as the mugs who fall for their democratic "front" and vote them into official positions.

The democrat's duty, as I see it, is to spend even more of his time with the organization than he did before—to show the waverers that democrats can be every bit as "active" in the organization as Communists, and to make the divergence between the two ways of thought quite clear.

Besides, there's always the possibility of opening the eyes of the Communist. After all, he's neither a bogeyman nor a superman. He's only an ordinary chap with a lump of Russian mud in his eye. We may be able to help him dig it out.

He sews in steel

by LAWRENCE EARL

With strips of extra-strong metal as his thread, he has now stitched his way twice round the world. He is ready to take on anything, from patching a cooking stove to darning a ship

Tinwell gets a visa to fly to Egypt. Minutes lost may cost thousands

NORMAN TINWELL, a twenty-nine year old Tynesider from South Shields, has a neatly clipped moustache, brown eyes and a hovering air of uncertainty which comes of never knowing exactly to what continent he may be sent tomorrow. In the past two years he has travelled, largely by air, more than 60,000 miles or, as his stay-at-home wife, Thelma, puts it: "Norman has sewed his way two and a half times round the world."

The particular kind of sewing that Tinwell does is a real he-man's job. He is employed as a trouble-shooting advance guard by a British company which specializes in repairing breaks in heavy machinery.

The method used for these repairs is new, revolutionary and, in a way, spectacular. It involves the use of strips of cold, ductile metal (thirty-five per cent nickel, sixty-five per cent steel) which are pressure-forced into prepared slots across the break. The finished job resembles nothing more, in both principle and appearance, than a surgeon's neat stitching of a wound.

Using this system, Tinwell has repaired machines in Belgium, Canada, Trinidad, South Africa and many other countries, both far and near, including, of course, the British Isles. With his co-workers, he has saved mine, factory and ship managements hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Ship's Five-foot Fracture

Not long ago, for example, he and his men performed an operation on a five-foot fracture in an important engine part of the 8,500-ton cargo ship *Pencarrow*. By any other method of repair—or replacement—this job would have taken four months and the *Pencarrow's* enforced idleness would have cost her owners £200 a day.

It took Tinwell 126 hours to "sew" forty-five metal "stitches" in the broken casting. Total cost of the operation: £200. Total savings for the owners: £23,800!

The job Tinwell remembers with most pride, however, was done in Johannesburg, South Africa. The Robinson Deep Gold Mine (possibly the deepest anywhere on earth) was having serious trouble with the giant twin winding drums used for raising and lowering the cages to and from the 4,000-foot level. For some time the great strain on the drums had been causing serious cracks to appear. They now totalled 828 inches—and whoever heard of a repair of such magnitude? Nobody, in all probability, ever had. Yet it would take two years for new drums to be made.

Early in August, 1948, Norman Tinwell, together with his brother Alf and David Hill as assistants, flew to Johannesburg. They examined the breaks and decided to tackle them.

Every day for twelve weeks they drilled their slots and forced their keys of metal into them. Every night for twelve weeks, while Tinwell and his men slept, the drums revolved, raising and lowering the lifts loaded with miners, equipment and waste rock.

"That job," says Major E. C. Peckham, Tinwell's Canadian-born boss, "was probably the biggest of its kind ever completed. It couldn't have been done by any other method." The job cost the mine management £4,000, including air passage for the three men from London and return, a fraction of the price of a single new drum.

Of course, not all of Tinwell's jobs are of such magnitude. Once he was called out to repair a four-inch fracture in the steam jacket of a cooker used in a London departmental store canteen. The fee: £10. Rarely, perhaps in one case out of ten, is he called out on a job he cannot repair.

Some time ago, for example, he travelled by air to Trinidad with an assistant to seal a 52-inch fracture in a gigantic generator owned by Trinidad Leaseholder, Limited, an oil company. He looked the apparatus over carefully, then shook his head.

"We could repair the break," he said, "but in this case we couldn't possibly regain the alignment of the bearings." He flew back to London without opening his kit of tools.

In spite of such occasional disappointments, Tinwell believes he has the best job on earth. He got it in a rather roundabout way.

One spring day in 1947, while the American-run but British-registered oil tanker *Sovac* rested at Purfleet, a violent engine-room explosion blew the top off one of her giant cylinders, leaving a raw, normally irreparable break. Fortunately, one of the officials of the operating company recalled that, in America, there was a new way to repair such apparently hopeless breaks. He called New York.

"It just happens," he was told over the phone, "that a Canadian is in London right now to form a British company that will do the same work." The Canadian was Major Peckham. Over the Transatlantic telephone from his Canadian headquarters he was contacted and arranged to repair the *Sovac*. He borrowed two experienced workmen from Canada and went to it.

Meanwhile Tinwell, then third engineer on the *Sovac*, watched the mending of the break. At first, since he considered it impossible to repair, he was sceptical. But as the metal "stitches" sealed the top back on to the cylinder, he became enthusiastic.

He immediately applied for a job with Peckham and became the company's first employee. Then he was sent for a five months' course of training to Niagara Falls. Since he had just married Thelma Purvis, an auburn-haired and attractive girl from South Shields, he took her along to the traditional North American honeymoon haven. When he returned to London he found that Peckham had been busy rounding up work.

He Worked Weekends

For six months he had no more than three weekends at home. He revelled in the sustained activity. During the first two weeks, for example, he repaired a heavy press at a steel plant in Newport, the cylinder liner of a ship, a hydraulic hoisting cylinder for the Port of London Authority, a horizontal hydraulic press for a plastics firm at High Wycombe, Bucks, a bed plate of one of the presses for a national newspaper and the water jacket on a generator at an aircraft factory.

He is now in charge of ten operators, earns £12 10s. each week and thinks highly of his future prospects.

He rarely does the "stitching" himself these days. Instead he concentrates on getting to a job as quickly as possible, prescribing treatment, handing over to the men under him and moving on to the next casualty.

He keeps a bag packed at home at all times, ready to grab and run. In it are a pair of pyjamas, a change of underwear and a toothbrush. ("If I need more I buy it on the spot," he says.) He also keeps his passport constantly stocked with fresh visas.

"The lighter you travel," he explains, "the faster you go."

This preoccupation with speed is no mere whim of Tinwell's. Often minutes can be worth hundreds, even thousands of pounds.

Caught The Tide

A few weeks ago the phone rang in the London office. It was an agitated representative of the M.V. *Buenos Aires* calling from Antwerp.

"We have a twenty-two inch break in the main frame of our generator," he said. "The ship is scheduled to sail with the tide at six thirty tomorrow morning. Can you help?"

Tinwell packed two men off on the noon plane for Brussels. They were met by car and boarded the wounded ship at half-past three that afternoon. And they worked feverishly until five thirty the following morning.

An hour later, the *Buenos Aires*, ship-shape once more, caught the tide.

"It's a hectic and exciting life," Tinwell declares. Then he grins. "But that's what comes of learning to 'sew'!"

Jenkins went fanatically about his quest. He needed the hair of a red-headed girl, and snow—fresh snow—in August! But he'd get them, he'd get them

Jenkins one eye

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

JENKINS ONE EYE was so called because during all the winter months of the year he had to wear a pink eyeshade over his right eye.

From October to March he went about painting the houses of Pant village with one working eye only. At all times of the year, summer and winter, he painted the inside and the outside of the houses. Having a steady head and able to go up to the highest eave and being delicate enough in the hand to do the long thin signwriting over the village Stores.

But this oddity of an eye gave him his name, making him a sort of Nelson in the village. And there was something in this connection, too. A matter of telescopes, though Jenkins was not really blind in his one eye.

It had happened many years ago; Jenkins had been spying the gorse and the heather top of the mountain which rises steeply behind the church. He had been doing that, he said, with an eye to poaching and a study of the natural history of the ground. But it so happened that a young man and a young girl had been up there courting.

And this young man, being something of a schemer, had also possessed himself with a telescope to take occasional peeps down into the valley. And the two working ends of two telescopes meeting face to face is an unusual business. This young man had come down quickly from the mountain and had told his girl that he would be back presently.

He had found Jenkins decorating the parlour at the back of the Stores. Jenkins had not been at all keen to come out but this young man had got him out through the window and had given him one tremendous blow on his right eye and had left him then, no doubt being anxious to get back to his girl on the top of the mountain.

The next day Jenkins had a black eye. It was not until October, however, that he started to see everything seven times. The doctor had ordered him to wear this shade and use his left eye to see things normally. But every morning Jenkins had peered out under the shade and in March he saw things once only again. But with the next winter it had become seven times vision again. Something to do with the change of weather. The humidity, perhaps.

All the winters now for twelve years, it had been like that and Jenkins was christened One Eye, both summer and winter.

THIS year Jenkins had had the contract for the painting of the church. He had decorated the inside, touching up the faces of the saints on the friezes of the west wall, and mixing the distemper in the font. And now he was at work on the outside, with the only remaining part to be done the gilding of the high golden weathercock.

Up at that height Jenkins always felt that he was among the very clouds; the great white summer clouds sailing with the wind from the west and giving him giddy swaying feelings so that he had to close his eyes sometimes and fight hard in his mind to remember that he was perpendicular.

In a moment of such darkness he heard the shout from the churchyard below.

Carefully he looked down the side of the steeple.

Down there was a knife-grinder and he had upended his barrow and was working the treadle so that the white smooth stone was revolving and flicking sunlight. As he pedalled, this man called up: "Hello there."

Jenkins shouted back: "No scissors or carving knives here, this is a church. Can you not see that I am on a steeple?"

The man seemed to pedal his machine all the faster and waved one long, brown-handed arm. "I know. I'm looking for a miracle."

Jenkins in his life has met many cranks and tried to understand them.

Now this, a man looking for miracles outside the church in the middle of a hot August afternoon.

Jenkins cupped his one free hand to his mouth to shout down.

"No miracles here, try the rector."

"No, I want you. Better come down, or I'll have to come up there."

A fear that this was a madman came to Jenkins; a fear that this creature would climb the steeple and that there would be some tragedy at this dizzy height.

Jenkins came down the ladders to the ground. He could see that this grinder was quite a youngish man, with a hare lip and thin golden ear-rings in his long-lobed ears. Jenkins held his paintbrush as a sort of weapon, the gold paint dripping in tears on to the gravel before the church porch.

The grinder came and shook hands with Jenkins, who all the time watched him very carefully.

"They sent me here, Mr. Jenkins. I'm looking for a miracle and they said that you were most likely to be a helpful man."

"Who said that?"

"Several people said you have a diseased eye in the winter and that you have a seven times vision with it."

"'Tis my affliction and I do not want it discussed with strangers."

"But I can help you. I am a miracle man. You paint my grindstone, I'll cure your eye."

Jenkins leaned back carefully against the closed door of the church.

"See, specialists I have visited and spectacles of fantastic thickness and prices I have had fitted. I have had lotions and even the spit of a witch placed in this eye of mine. But every winter it is the same. I just use my patch and forget my worry."

"But I can heal you"—and the grinder came towards Jenkins—"I can heal you quite easily. I healed a man of gallstones once."

Jenkins held up a hand. "Stay where you are and do not come too near me. That's it. Tell me, why cannot you heal yourself, that mouth of yours? What about a miracle to have a try at that?"

The man reached out one hand with a flourish like a conjuror and then smoothed his face tenderly. On the instant his lips were clean and sound and whole.

Jenkins had an urge then to go into the church and he wished that he had some company. For surely this man was from either God or the Devil and Jenkins had an equal fear of both.

And as if to prove finally that his mouth was sound, this man gave a wide smile and a little bow. "Come, Mr. Jenkins, let me give you sound sight."

AT the end of that afternoon the knife grinder pushed his little barrow through Pant village heading for the north. His machine was painted and gilded in a most wonderful way and only the handles were left bare and unpainted so that the man could move his apparatus.

And Jenkins came down from the churchyard wearing his winter eyeshade over his right eye.

The first man he met in the village was Pugh the Coal, black always as some coon and rolling his eyes with wonder when he saw the shade.

"Why Jenkins man, what is it that has come to you? Has your eye failed completely, has the height and the heat been your damnation?"

Jenkins seemed happy enough as he told Pugh the whole story. In a week, he said, he would be cured and next winter his eye would see normally.

"I have to wear this for three days, Pugh, this which is now on my eye under the shade."

And he lifted the patch up gently and Pugh could see three ripe blackberries laid in a triangle across the eye, slightly crushed but with none of the juice squeezed out.

Pugh listened in some amazement as Jenkins told him that he had to wear these three blackberries for three days; for the next three days he must wear under the shade a little ringlet of red hair from the head of an unmarried maiden; and for all the last day he must bathe his eye in fresh fallen snow.

Pugh said: "But it is almost impossible, Jenkins, almost unreal. Why, blackberries are easy, but where can we get the red hair from an unmarried girl, and curly at that? And even, man, if you do find that rarity, where will you get fresh fallen snow at this time of the year?"

Jenkins One Eye slowly shook his head and touched the shade.

"He was a wonderful man and he cured a hare-lip before my very eyes. I shall search the countryside for the hair and if necessary I shall journey by aeroplane to Switzerland for the snow."

To humour and soothe and amuse poor Jenkins, all the people of Pant parish decided to help him in the search for the hair. Curly, red-haired young women are scarce in the district. Black-haired are most of the young girls, and those which have come up from England, an occasional copper head among them, are married to farmers so that they could be of no use in this matter.

It was Jenkins One Eye himself who finally found a ringlet of red hair from an unmarried woman. He had gone to Llawn market town and had been pestering the hairdressers there so much that they had threatened to call the police.

It was on his way home in the train that he had the extraordinary luck to go into the same compartment as a young, freckled-faced girl with a whole head of red ringlets. She had her hands in her pockets and only when she took out a handkerchief to blow her nose did Jenkins see that indeed she was unmarried.

It is exceedingly difficult to obtain from Jenkins the exact details as to how he obtained a whole envelopeful of soft, copper-coloured ringlets but he came out of the train with sufficient to cover the eyes of a good half-dozen people.

For the next three days he wore the red ringlets of hair on his eye, and all the village people waited a little sadly for the trial of the last day, for how was Jenkins to obtain fresh snow in these days of swallows and drought?

On the evening of the sixth day Jenkins called on Pugh the Coal.

Pugh let him into his little whitewashed house gladly. "Come right in Jenkins, and how is the eye now?"

"I'm hoping for marvellous things this next winter when all the cure is over."

"But the last condition, Jenkins? The snow which you must obtain and which is freshly fallen?"

"That is why I have come to see you, Pugh. You have a cousin in Llawn who is a butcher?"

"Yes, indeed, and a prosperous one, too."

"Well, that is it. I cannot hope to go to Switzerland for I have not much money saved. But I have a plan for the last condition. Your cousin has a refrigerator and can perhaps make ice and snow? Will you take me there?"

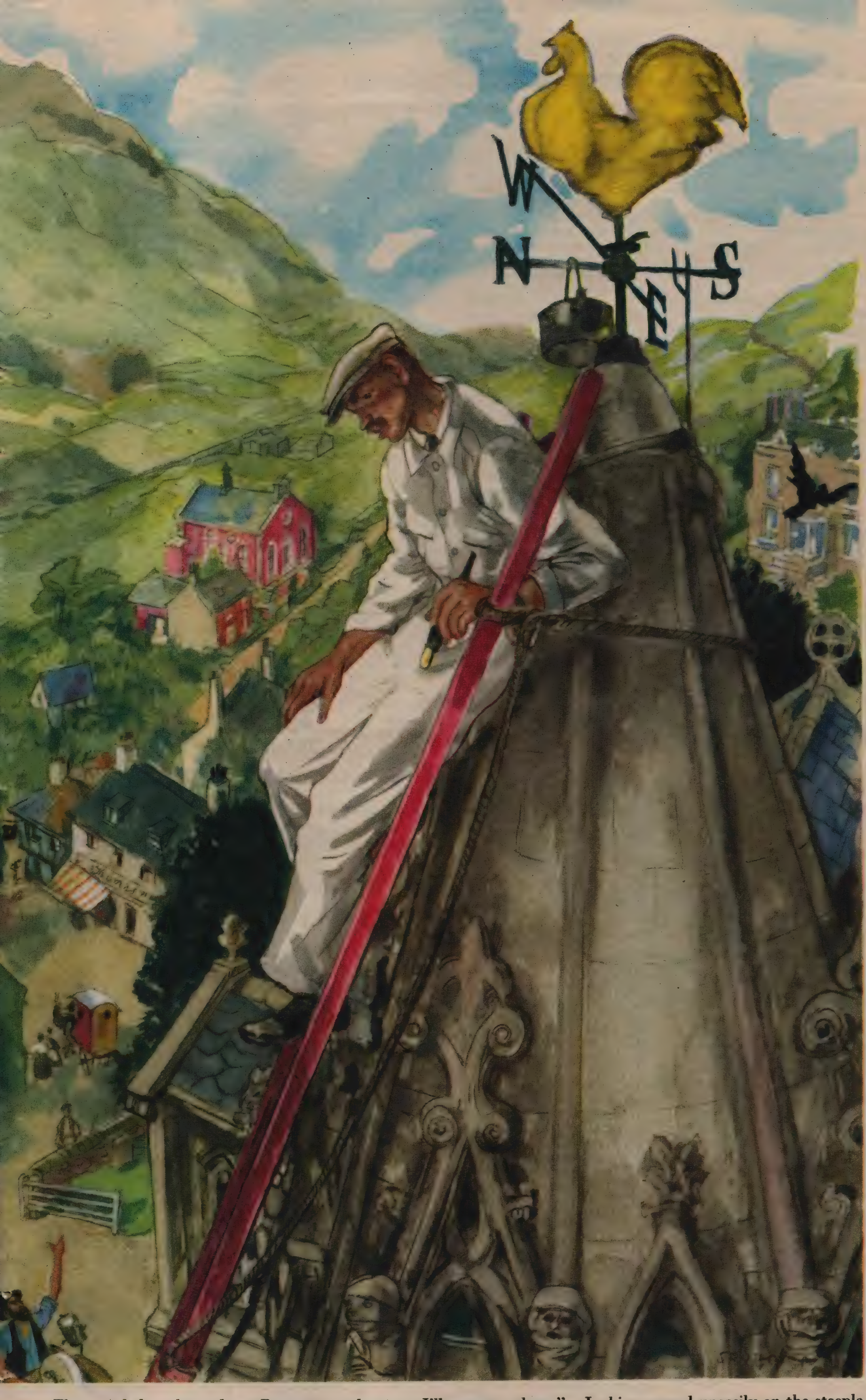
Pugh was as interested in this affair now as Jenkins, and anyway he had not the heart to refuse for there was a sadness and a dreadful expectancy about the poor decorator, he who had been content up to now with his eye and his patch.

PUGH'S cousin was a nice, moustached man and said it was a pleasure, indeed a pleasure, to help any in distress; for Pugh had only told him half the tale and had said that Jenkins needed cold compresses on his eyes by doctor's orders.

"But snow," said the butcher, "don't know if my frig. will make snow. Will ice do?"

Jenkins shook his head vigorously. "Snow I want, freshly fallen."

The butcher looked puzzled and Pugh gave him a hasty wink then, and touched



The man below shouted: "Better come down, or I'll come up there." Jenkins paused uneasily on the steeple

his head significantly. The butcher went into his frig. and told the other two to wait outside. Inside he crushed ice with a spanner and ground it fine between two of the marble slabs which he used to hold meat.

"There we are, as near to freshly fallen as we can make it at this time of the year," he said.

Immediately Jenkins started to rub his eye with it and all the way home in the train he kept putting in a pinch. The butcher had given them a small tin inside a larger tin, the space in between filled with slab ice. The crushed ice he put in the middle tin.

Pugh left Jenkins One Eye at the rooms over the bootshop where the painter lived and none of Pant people saw him for that day.

The middle of October came with an early frost bringing down the leaves from the elm tree opposite the bootshop. And from his lodgings Jenkins went to work each day, to his storeroom opposite the station. Each day people would meet him and look to his face to see if his sight had gone back to playing its old tricks again.

It was a cold Saturday towards the end of the month that Pugh was on his way to the coalyard by the sidings.

He was going up the street when he heard tapping on the old half-broken window panes of Jenkins's workshop. And there was a finger reaching through a hole and beckoning to him.

Quietly, Pugh went in. Jenkins was sitting on a low stool, his head between his hands. He did not raise his head.

Pugh bent low to speak to him. "Jenkins, now, what is the matter with you this cold autumn morning?"

Without raising his head Jenkins answered him. "It is my eye, Pugh, she has gone back to her old evil ways."

"Seven?"

"Seven of everything. The miracle didn't work for me. Perhaps I am too old for the Almighty to worry about. Perhaps I have not been good enough, Pugh. Perhaps I should have painted the church better."

"Oh, no, Jenkins, do not worry. Do not worry too much for it is an ailment you have, that is all, and blackberry and hair and snow are old heathen ways."

"But the grinder said that he had a miracle for me."

Pugh didn't know what to say then, didn't know how to explain this failure, this hoax which had broken the spirit of Jenkins.

As if he was some child Pugh lifted him up from the stool and stood him against a bench. "There Jenkins, there. Put on your patch and be the same old Jenkins for us all. We would not have you change."

Of this thing of belief and disappointment which came to Jenkins One Eye, Pant people do not talk much. The grinder was caught afterwards in the north of the county. He had been trying to sell a miracle in exchange for a pot of tea to an old couple. The old lady had collapsed and suddenly died as this man had wiped away the hare-lip from his face.

It was all wonderfully simple and worked by a little piece of wire to his front teeth.

Jenkins had to go as a witness to the court. His patch on his eye and he bearing not the slightest ill-will towards the cunning grinder of knives. Rather he thinks that it was his own fault that the miracle failed. And perhaps with the next snow Jenkins will try again.

For he is uneasy now about his affliction; like any man who is disappointed in a promised miracle, he must go on with faith or have all ultimate despair.

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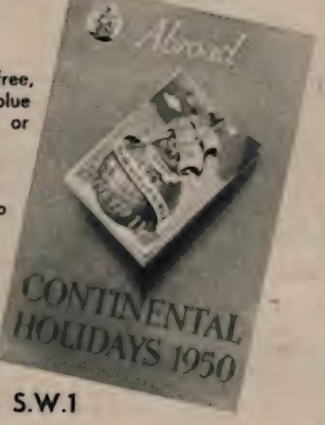

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WTA

A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from page 9

Raikes had been wearing: a blue shirt, grey flannel trousers, leather sandals; and the things from his pockets, a wallet, a crumpled red silk handkerchief, a penknife and a set of poker dice advertising vermouth. He looked away from the desk. He was going to miss Raikes, and it was going to be some time before the sense of loss disappeared.

"With your permission I will have a man collect his effects from the hotel. They can go with these and I will send the lot off to your Embassy." Zarko began to put the things back in the box. "Your Embassy has already been informed, of course. I shall make a list of everything, which perhaps you will be kind enough to check. Everything can be arranged for tomorrow." Zarko locked the box and put it back by the filing cabinets.

"Where is he now?"

"In the morgue—downstairs. If there is anything more I can do. . . ."

Hudson stood up. "You've been very kind. I appreciate it."

Zarko half-bowed. "I regret my services could not have been offered in pleasanter circumstances." He went to the door with Hudson and, holding it for him, said, "You speak Serbo-Croat very well."

"I learned it in a prisoner-of-war camp from a Czech officer. He was a night club entertainer in Belgrade in the old days." Hudson saw the lift of interest in the man's expression at the last phrase, but Zarko merely wished him goodbye.

In the main square Hudson hesitated. It was nearly lunchtime. For a moment he debated whether he would go straight back to the hotel, a twenty-minute walk, or first have a drink. The hesitation reminded him more than anything of the loss of Raikes. The man had had a habit of forcing his own plans on other people. Raikes would have said, "We need a drink," and would have been on his way, knowing that the other would follow. It was Raikes who, when a two weeks' wait in the contract procedure had arisen, had said, "Dubrovnik's the place."

He decided to have a drink.

In the Gradska Kavana he ordered a *pivo*. The place was less crowded than the previous morning. The orchestra was playing quietly, almost to itself.

The girl with the orchestra began to sing. He noticed that she wore a black silk band over the bandages on her left wrist. She was pleasant to watch. Raikes had been very interested in her, he remembered—but then Raikes had been interested in all pretty women.

He recalled Raikes pinching the behind of the chambermaid in their Belgrade hotel. There was no ban on intimacy with English people for hotel employees, Raikes had declared; they all had instructions from O.Z.N.A. to make the closest contact. Most espionage work was done either in a bar or in bed.

The girl finished her song and with a sudden hurried concern, as though they were late for some appointment, the orchestra players began to pack up their instruments. They were a quiet, black-coated little party, mostly elderly. They hurried past him and were gone. The girl stayed, leisurely tidying away the sheet music.

Then she threw a light overcoat over her shoulders and came across to Hudson. "You were very kind to me yesterday. I am sorry I did not thank you properly."

"People ought not to settle their private quarrels in cafés. How is your wrist?"

"Very well." She said it demurely, like a little girl thanking her hostess for a nice party. She held a little paper packet out to him.

"What's this?"

"Your handkerchief."

"Won't you sit down and have a drink?"

She shook her head and drew back a little, and he realized the wariness in her.

"No . . . no, I don't think I'd better."

"Please do."

"No. I must go." She said it stubbornly, and again the small girl was there, doggedly repeating a lesson learned at home before the party. She drew her coat across her shoulders firmly and said quietly, "I'm sorry about your friend."

Before he could answer, she was gone, moving swiftly away between the tables.

A waiter came to him and began to clear his table.

"What is the name of the girl who sings here?"

For a moment the man sucked reflectively at his teeth. "Franja. Franja Pazan."

Hudson walked back to the hotel and had lunch alone on the terrace. His table was drawn up against the wooden balustrade and through the loose sprays of blossom that dropped from the pergola which covered the terrace, he could look down the slope of the cliff to the palm walk and little garden above the private bathing beach.

At the end of the month the place would fill up, but for the moment there were only five other groups of guests. They were all taking their lunch now. From Raikes—who had had an unabashed curiosity about other people and had questioned the waiters—Hudson knew a little about the guests.

At the next table along the terrace sat a professor from Macedonia, an authority on viniculture who, each time the waiter placed a carafe on his table, grunted and scowled at the wine like a magistrate recognizing a hardened offender with whom he had had trouble before. He sat hunched over a book during meals, ignoring everyone but the waiter.

He was about fifty and bald, except for little wings of hair above his ears. He wore gold-rimmed, thick-lensed glasses and was dressed always in a neat, grey suit with an open-necked shirt. Wherever he went he carried his camera and a small tin specimen box on which was neatly printed his name—Brussiack, J.

Beyond him was a harassed little man from Split, thin, shabbily dressed, with a scrawny neck, a wedge-shaped face and nervous, flickering eyes, who seemed to spend the whole of his time quarrelling hopelessly and in an undertone with his large wife and trying to control the adventurous wanderings of his two children, a boy of ten with a sullen face and tight blue serge shorts, and another boy of about three who was plump, fair-haired, with a mischievous angel face and a supreme disregard of his parents' non-fraternizing orders.

Madeo, the smaller boy, wandered from table to table throughout the meal. Everyone liked him and he seemed to subsist on the titbits given by the rest of the company. For Raikes and Hudson he had, in the three days they had been there, developed a passionate friendship which had increased his father's nervous indigestion and made his meals even more of a trial than before.

As his father turned from him now and began a low-pitched expostulation with his wife, Madeo wriggled down from his seat and came trotting along to Hudson. He grinned, belched slightly, and held up a piece of paper and a pencil.

"Face."

It was an order well understood.

NOW YOU KNOW

RUNNING A RAFFLE is a good way of raising funds—provided you stick to the law.

The sale of raffle tickets to the public for personal gain is "public lottery" and illegal. But there is also "private lottery."

Any club, institute or society not connected with gaming, or any factory, office or group of people living or working on the same premises can run a raffle offering cash prizes—with certain provisos. Here are some of those conditions:

Tickets may be sold only to members of the club or group. All the proceeds, minus expenses, must be used for prize money or club purposes. Beyond a notice displayed on the club's premises, the lottery must not be advertised.

Tickets — none can be sent through the post—can only be sold at the full price, which must be shown on them.

The Betting and Lotteries Act, 1934 (Section 24) gives full information.

Hudson, who liked children, took the paper and pencil and drew a man's face, large, bold and with a leering, ferocious expression. Madeo, straining to the table height, watched, fascinated. Hudson had an easy talent with a pencil which Madeo had discovered on their first acquaintance.

Madeo studied the paper carefully, then looked up at him and nodded gravely, commending him for having produced just what he had in mind. Then, with a sudden shriek of laughter, the child turned and began to make the round of tables, shaking off the attentions of his brother, who had been sent to retrieve him. Each table was visited in turn and the drawing held up to be admired.

Hudson watched, smiling, and ignoring the angry look which he received from the Ransko table.

Brussiack looked at the drawing critically, grunted, patted the boy on the head and gave him a piece of the apple he was eating. Madeo trotted into the vine-hung courtyard at the end of the terrace where three more tables were occupied.

Close to the fountain in the centre of the court, a Jugoslav colonel sat eating by himself. His dove-grey uniform with its red stars and gold braid was perfectly cut. As Madeo tugged at his arm, he half turned and took the drawing. Hudson had a glimpse of a tanned, broad face and a net of wrinkles about the pale-blue eyes.

"Madeo!" The mother called, but the colonel shook his head at her placatorily and, picking up the empty sugar bowl from the table, put it on his close-cropped head. He held his finger across the top of his lip and leered ferociously at Madeo, imitating the drawing. Madeo gave a low gurgle of delight, and the colonel sent him off with a pat on his bottom to the next table.

Madeo was on the last lap of his rounds with a young newly married couple from Zagreb. Hudson had seen them wandering about the town, silent, hand in hand. Madeo's drawing left them unmoved, but they gave him a small cake, which he pouched expertly in his right cheek.

At the last table in the angle of the courtyard overlooking the sea sat a thin, tight-lipped man in a dark-grey suit and wearing a white cloth cap. A typical Marxist, Raikes had called him, a fanatical factory foreman rewarded for a production record by a fortnight in a high-category hotel. And now, Hudson thought, determined to enjoy himself and proclaiming it to the world by exchanging a dark cap for a white one, but after that unable to think of anything else to do except sit and worry about the factory and the anticipated drop in production during his absence.

The man frowned at the drawing, transferred the frown to Madeo, who beat it down with a grin that exposed the pouched cake for a second. For a moment the tight lips loosened, the sombre eyes wavered and another small cake was handed to Madeo, who promptly pouched it in his left cheek.

Madeo turned and headed back towards Hudson, but his father reached out an arm and intercepted him.

Hudson sat on over his coffee until all the others had left the terrace. Just as he was about to leave, the waiter who served his table came and stood by his side. The man gave him a faint smile and for a moment his eyes avoided Hudson, his hands playing gently along the edge of the table, fingering some invisible keyboard.

"As I always serve monsieur . . . the other waiters and the staff here . . ." his eyes came up and met Hudson's frankly and for the first time the face, the blank waiter's face, became a real face, demanding attention. . . . "They have asked me to express our sorrow at the unfortunate incident. Mr. Raikes was a very pleasant person. We shall all miss him." A hand came up and rubbed at the square, blue jowl.

There was no doubting the genuineness of the man's attitude. Hudson stood up. "Thank you." Then as the waiter, with a slight bow of his short body, began to turn away: "What's your name?"

"Joseph . . . Joseph Dragovar, monsieur."

Hudson put out his hand and touched the man's arm. "Thank you, Joseph . . . and the rest of the staff."

THAT afternoon Zarko arrived with one of his men and, with Hudson in attendance, went into Raikes's room and collected his belongings. Hudson stood by while everything was packed away in two suitcases and listed carefully by Zarko's man. When the list was completed Hudson signed it and a copy was made for him.

He went back to his room after Zarko had gone, slipped on his bathing trunks, threw a dressing-gown over his shoulders and went down to bathe. As he passed the dining terrace he saw that most of the guests were already eating.

It had grown dark. He was in no hurry. Every evening since his arrival he had made a habit of swimming before dinner.

The bathing place was a series of concrete platforms laid down among the rocks immediately below the palm garden. A little flight of steps, cut into the bare stone, led down to it.

Hudson swam out through the dark water. Raising his head he could see the black, ragged outline of the tree-covered island. He lay, suspended in the warm oblivion of sea and sky, so that, as the long swell running down from the far lights of Dubrovnik swung him up and down, it seemed that he hung in some medium which was neither water nor air. Tiny beads and streamers of phosphorescence trailed away from his

Continued on page 27

English & American housewives agree

Mrs. James Garrett, of NEW HAVEN, U.S.A. says:

"Soapless washing powders have caught on like wildfire here, even though we have no soap-rationing. I wouldn't be without one now. The one I use is grand for whites—makes them dazzling!"

Mrs. E. M. Trimbey, of NEWHAVEN, ENG. says:

"Wisk is everything I could ask for in a washing powder. It does a grand job. Wisk makes woollens fluffier, coloureds brighter, household linen white as snow, whether you boil or not."

"We prefer this new type of washing powder for the Whole Wash!"

IN America, soapless washing powders like Wisk—which are coupon-free in Britain—have been welcomed with open arms. And yet there is no soap-rationing in America at all!

Already, over there, more than one-quarter of the clothes-washing products bought every week are soapless!

In England, the welcome has been just as enthusiastic. Because it does the whole family wash—safely, too, without harm to clothes or hands—Lever Brothers' Wisk is just what women want.

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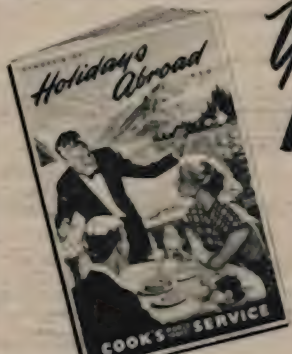

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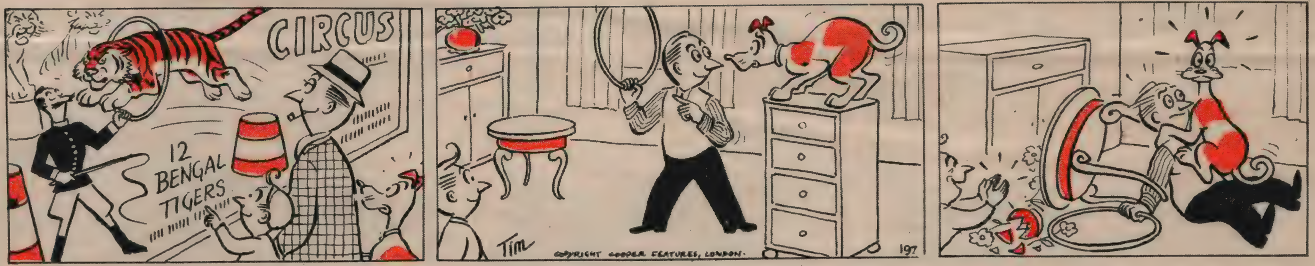
OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from page 25

arms and body, and for a moment he was a new constellation, the swimmer, in a firmament full of strange stars and planets, the steady brilliance of hotel and house lights, the flickering meteors of car lamps swinging down the coast road and the coloured borealis from the mouth of the Gradska Kavana shining through the harbour gap.

Suddenly, between him and the island, came the clear, passionate sound of a man singing, a melody whose words were fused by distance. Then a dozen great golden flares burst out of the black folds of the night, and sea and sky fell back to their proper places. Hudson, clear above the singing, heard a man swear and he knew that close to him was the small fleet of sardine boats that congregated here each night to prime and light their acetylene bow flares before dropping down the coast to their fishing.

He swam back and pulled himself out of the water.

He put on his robe and went up the steps. Tonight he would drink to Raikes's memory. Joseph, the friendly Joseph, ought to be able to find something which would change the tone even of Professor Brussiack's grunt.

MILO LEPOVITCH had been inside Zarko's office five minutes when Zarko decided that he did not like the man, and he was shrewd enough to realize that Lepovitch did not like him. The man had looked around the comfortable little room which always evoked a sense of affection and pleasure in Zarko, and the tight lines about his prim mouth had marked his disdain.

Touches which made the room human for Zarko—the little pot of calceolarias on the shelf over the empty fire grate, the photograph of his wife and child on the desk, the rag rug on the tiles inside the door worked in a bright Montenegrin design by his wife before their marriage—none of these pleased Lepovitch.

Zarko guessed what this precise, efficient young man from Belgrade was thinking. He saw himself exactly as he appeared to Lepovitch. A comfortable, not too-exacting provincial policeman, enjoying the fruits of an office which had come as the reward for Party work.

He decided not to get the *rakia* bottle from his desk cupboard, approving his own meanness and quite unworried by any opinion Lepovitch had formed of him. These young men from O.Z.N.A. headquarters in Belgrade were all the same—lean, ruthless wolves, who felt no one could keep up with them in the chase. Lepovitch had no idea that he, too, was an O.Z.N.A. man. They would work together and they would watch one another. It was a system which ensured a double security.

Procedure two. That meant that he was to hear this man's report, work with him and give him all the assistance he needed, that Lepovitch was to remain in the background and that the final responsibility for all actions lay with him, Zarko.

Lepovitch remained standing, walking with controlled, unhurried steps between desk and window as he talked.

"It is of the highest importance that this man should not leave the country. We know he exists, we know some of the names he has used in the past, but at the moment we don't know where he is, what he looks like or what his true nationality is."

"It's a promising start." Zarko half smiled. Lepovitch swung round and frowned, and inwardly Zarko groaned. The man had no sense of humour. It would make working with him that much harder.

"All we know is in that report." Lepovitch nodded at the green file on Zarko's desk. "It's felt that at this moment he is in Dubrovnik somewhere."

Zarko picked up the report and flipped the pages as Lepovitch resumed his pacing and went on. Zarko ceased to give him his full attention. Whatever he said would be in the report. The talk was merely to impress, to affirm his own competence and grasp of an important mission. Zarko guessed that he was one of the wrong kind, a careerist, in his heart not caring a button for the ideal which was dear to so many of his countrymen.

Zarko had done many things of which he disapproved in his heart, but they had all been justified as means to the establishment of a régime which ultimately offered to him and others a prospect of human justice and concord, an equality of expression and rights which was important enough to make all means subservient to the end. And through all this he had never lost sight of his own essential humanity.

This Lepovitch. . . . What was he? Twenty-six, perhaps, tallish, lean, trained to a physical hardness which was obscured by his neat brown suit, schooled to an impersonal efficiency which marked the thin, severe face, without a shadow of compassion to soften the still, grey eyes behind the rimless glasses.

Zarko suddenly felt sorry for him. There had probably been no youth for him, no laughter, no carefree ripening, only the strain and exhaustion of partisan life, a leap from boy into man and afterwards the fight to maintain a place in a pack of careerists all as ruthless as himself.

"So you see, as a result of this contact in the British Embassy, we have every reason to believe that the Englishman, John Raikes, is much more than a trade official. That is why I am here, Comrade Zarko. To find out all I can about Raikes and to watch him. He isn't the man we want, but he is working with him, and means to help his escape."

"John Raikes?" Something of Zarko's surprise edged into his voice.

"Yes. He is to know nothing about me, of course."

Zarko rose from his chair. "Don't worry. He'll never know that you exist. Come with me."

From his desk drawer Zarko took a bunch of keys. They left the room and went down to the main, tiled hallway. A short flight of steps led to the cellars of this building that had once been the home of a wealthy wine exporter.

Zarko unlocked a thick wooden door at the end of a subterranean corridor—white-washed, still and cold under the bare electric light—and motioned Lepovitch to enter.

They were in the long length of a wine vault, the side arches cleared now of bottle racks. There was a thin, antiseptic smell and a hostile coldness that seemed to pulse from the stones of floor and roof.

At intervals down the length of the vault were four great slabs of marble supported on concrete blocks. The slabs were bare except one, to which Zarko led Lepovitch. On it lay something draped in a white sheet. Zarko fingered the edge of the sheet and looked at Lepovitch.

"John Raikes went bathing yesterday afternoon. He stepped on a landmine and was killed. His funeral is tomorrow morning. This is John Raikes."

Lepovitch's thin lips tightened. He took the sheet from Zarko and drew it clear of the body. The arms were folded across the mutilated chest.

Zarko moved around the slab, and as he did so he noticed that the watch was still on Raikes's wrist. He leaned forward and began to unfasten it. It would have to be put with his other effects. For a moment he held the hand, remembering the two Englishmen in the café, and to avoid the horror of the dead beastliness which had been a face, his eyes and mind escaped in a concentration on detail. He saw the small damp, fair hairs where the watch had been stand up slightly against the brown skin.

Lepovitch reached out for the smashed watch. "He was wearing this when he was killed?"

"That and a pair of bathing drawers. I have all his other stuff in my room and a full report which you can read."

Lepovitch handed the watch back. He looked at Zarko and momentarily the shadow of a smile touched his mouth. Then he turned back to the body and began to examine it with a deliberation which Zarko found hard to watch. He raised the hands, straightening the fingers as though he expected to find something clutched in the stiff grip, and lifted the earth-and-stone-scarred legs.

Then, with an impatient movement, he spread the sheet over the body and turned away and lit himself a cigarette. Over the flame of the match he eyed Zarko and again the faintest trace of a humourless smile touched his lips. Something in the smile, the suggestion of contempt behind it, raised a passing feeling of uneasiness in Zarko.

Lepovitch let the smoke trickle loosely from his mouth. He said quietly: "It is a pity he is dead. We might have learnt something from him."

He shrugged his shoulders and moved towards the door. "Still, even from the dead, if a man is intelligent enough, he can learn something."

LATER, in his room at the Hotel Imperial, Lepovitch typed the first of his daily reports. Before him on the table was a travelling photograph of his wife. As he turned back to his report he glanced at it, and the stir of some inner, seldom expressed gentleness loosened the tight lines of his mouth.

Then in his precise staccato manner he went on typing.

Attached is the official police report of the circumstances of the man's death and a list of his effects, which, for the moment, remain in Comrade Zarko's possession. There are certain aspects of this investigation which, although it would be premature at this moment to place any great hopes on them, lead me to the opinion that this initial setback may not prove to be entirely to our disadvantage.

Regarding Vladimir Zarko: My first impression is not favourable. The man has a certain bourgeois affability which I suspect to be less of a mannerism than an incompletely eradicated political tendency. His efficiency and intelligence are not outstanding. However, a more reliable assessment can only come from a longer association. . . .

AFTER the darkness of the little church, Hudson had found the sunlight in the cemetery blinding.

There were few people at the ceremony: himself, Zarko and the Jugoslav colonel. Colonel Grol had come to him at dinner the previous night, had expressed the condolences of the guests for Raikes's death and had requested to be allowed to attend the funeral.

Raikes's coffin had been slid into one of the pigeon holes which honeycombed the long wall that formed an angle of the cemetery. A marble slab had been lifted and fitted loosely over the opening and now awaited the mason who would fix it that afternoon. On the ledge below had been placed the wreaths.

Hudson walked back alone to the town. . . .

And later, in the noontide stillness of the cemetery, a girl slipped through the small gate from the hillside and crossed quickly to the new burial place. She placed a bouquet of white roses on the ledge and, slipping back, crossed herself.

She was short with a sturdy, vigorous quality, and wore a blue apron over a rough white dress and a red scarf was pulled over her dark hair and knotted under her chin. Pinned at the bosom of her dress was a small cameo brooch with the head of Mercury on it. Her face had the coarse good looks of a peasant, the skin browned and firm with health and her hands were seamed and red from hard work.

With a nervous glance around her she moved away and disappeared through the small gate. The roses on the hot ledge were a blinding point of light in the hot sun. Attached to the stems by a ribbon was a small piece of blue card and written on it in an unformed hand the words: *As long as memory lasts so will my love.*

When Hudson reached the town he went through the Gradska Kavana on to the loggia overlooking the small harbour. He ordered half a bottle of the local white wine and sat brooding.

A shadow fell over the table. He looked up. Colonel Grol was standing above him, his back to the sea, his strong white teeth breaking across his smile. He looked like a big, clean, pink butcher dressed up in fancy uniform, the star of Tito on his heart, a highly polished revolver holster at his hip, a creation of gold braid and braggadocio.

"Mr. Hudson, you look lonely. Mademoiselle Pazan and I would be happy if you would join us at the hotel for lunch."

Hudson rose. The girl from the orchestra was standing by the colonel, one hand resting lightly on his arm. Involuntarily Hudson glanced back through the glass doors at the orchestra, which was still playing.

Franja Pazan caught the look and

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A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from previous page

smiled. "Even singers, Mr. Hudson, have their free days." She spoke with an assurance which Hudson had not noticed in her before.

"I should be delighted," said Hudson.

To save the long walk around by the road, the colonel hired a boatman to row them back to the hotel. On the way over the girl said little. She sat facing Hudson and laughing, a little perfunctorily, he thought, at the constant jokes made by the colonel.

The colonel's jokes were like the colonel, big, obvious and with a tendency to prove noisy. And during lunch it became clear that his conception of conversation was one in which other people said what they had to in the pauses when he gave his complete attention to his glass and plate.

Hudson sat listening, wondering what the relationship was between this man and Franja. He found it hard to decide why he had been invited, and harder still to decide what immunity it was that allowed the colonel to utter remarks which, in this country, had the explosive quality of an adroitly tossed hand grenade.

"There are only two things which matter for me, Mr. Hudson—my country and the man who is directing it. I can give my allegiance to a man, but not to any ideology. I'm a soldier. Policy I leave to others. When I meet a rogue I call him a rogue—even if I know he is also a Party member." He paused to drain his glass of hock.

"Isn't such frankness . . . dangerous?"

"A soldier takes danger in his stride. Give me a man worth following, Mr. Hudson, and one who loves his country as Marshal Tito does—then I'll follow him. All soldiers are hero worshippers. If Marshal Tito said tomorrow that Communism was taking us along the wrong road—then I'd believe him. Once you settle on your hero you can never allow yourself doubts."

He put his glass down with a tiny crash and beamed at them. At that moment the waiter came up and told him he was wanted on the telephone. When he had gone Hudson looked at Franja.

"Explain him. He should have been liquidated long ago."

She laughed. "He's Colonel Grol, one of Tito's closest friends, his only friend some people say. Maybe Tito likes to have one completely outspoken man near him. Anyway, he survives. He has a great deal of influence."

"Is he your friend, too?"

"No. An acquaintance. We met in Belgrade."

Joseph, the waiter, brought them their coffee, and they were silent as he served them. Then Colonel Grol came back.

"The commandant of the Dubrovnik Garrison wants to see me. He is sending out his car at once. Would you come back with me or wait for the boatman?" he asked Franja.

Hudson saw her hesitate. Before she could reply he said quietly: "It's a pity to bounce about in a car so soon after lunch. We could sit in the garden and wait for the boatman."

"Do you mind?" Franja glanced at the colonel. The man laughed.

"No. Sensible thing to do. I wish I could stay with you." He paused for a moment before leaving them and then, with a frank smile, added: "Don't take too much notice of what Franja will tell you in confidence about this country, Mr. Hudson. Suspect the ones who never grumble, Mr. Hudson. . . ."

They went down to the palm walk and sat on the wall overlooking the sea.

"He's too outspoken to last." Hudson watched her as he spoke. She was staring across at the island, the wind lifting her hair gently, the profile of her face cut clearly against the far sky. He went on: "He's very clever; after what he said, you don't feel you can confide in me. He's put up the barrier."

She turned and laughed quietly. "I don't have to say anything. You've seen this country. People have talked to you——"

"Yes. At the end of a railway corridor, leaning over the parapet of a bridge, sitting on a park seat and always the head jerking first over one shoulder, then the other to see who's watching or listening. The '*tic totalitario*' the Italians call it."

She laughed, this time unguarded. "How long will you be here?"

"Quite a long time—two weeks, maybe."

Quite a long time. She was conscious of a quick rising bitterness directed against him. He could sit and talk to her, give her a brief freedom, and then he would go. Nothing would have touched him. Then she was ashamed of herself. But the moment had somewhere betrayed itself to him. He turned and touched her hand resting on the wall between them. "I'm a good listener. You can say what you like to me."

She swung off the wall. "The boat's coming."

He stood beside her, ignoring her words. "Will it help if I say it for you?"

"I'm sorry. I suddenly felt mean. I think I hated you for being able to go so easily."

Hudson knew that inside her, held back now by habit rather than fear, was a spate of words piling up like a flood-stream against sluice gates.

"So you should. Say you hate me because I'm free, say you hate your own fear, say that you want to tear down every photograph of Tito you see, say you hate the sky at night because all the stars have turned red——"

"Please——" She caught his arm, stopping him, and he heard her breathe heavily, a shedding of some emotional pressure which restored her. Then she went on quietly, holding his arm as they went down to the rocks to meet the boatman. "Colonel Grol warned you not to take too much notice of what I would say."

"The colonel gave us a false start. We'd better begin again. Tomorrow afternoon we'll go bathing together and then you can come back to the hotel for tea. Do you agree?"

She looked at him for a moment, holding his hand for support as the boat edged in. And she knew she wanted to see him again, wanted to be with him and this time be free to laugh and enjoy herself. She smiled and nodded.

BEFORE dinner, Hudson went down for his usual evening swim. He threw his robe into the little cubicle built against the rock face and stood for a moment anticipating the pleasure of the water.

Since lunch he had been disturbed, and he knew the reason for it had been Franja. All his life his relations with women had been straightforward, uncomplicated liaisons brought about by a simple responsiveness on both sides. Emotion for him had seldom been more than a decorative pretence fashioned about a common affection, comradeship and his own unashamedly sensual nature.

No parting had ever left him wounded, no pleasure had ever seemed to hold any

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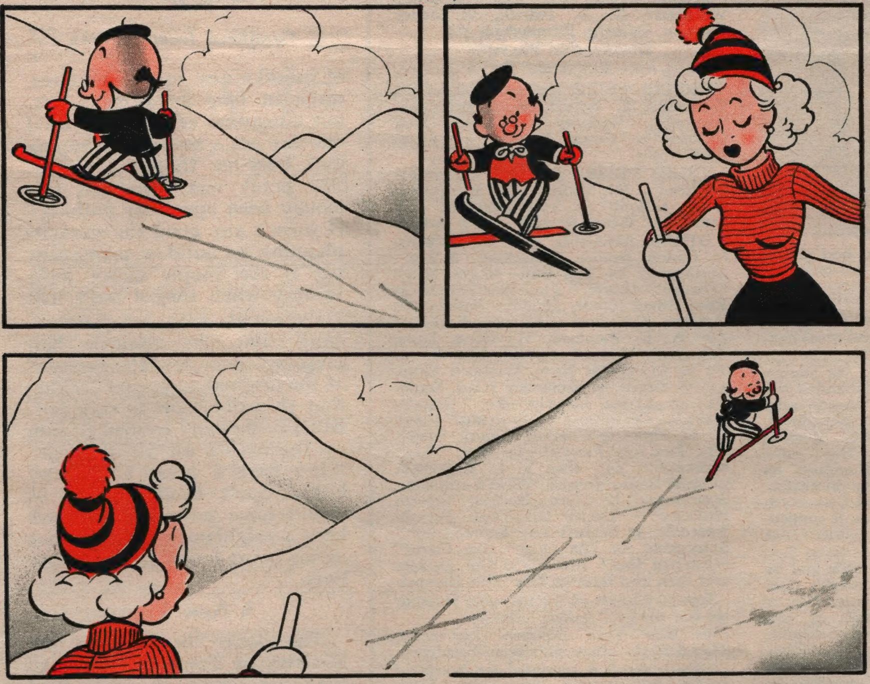
MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand



greater potential than could be drawn from the passing moment. But with this girl, who attracted him as so many other women had done, he knew that there could never be any simple question of an uncomplicated response. She was disturbed in herself, she was unhappy and resentful of her unhappiness.

There was an integrity in her which would demand more than pretence. He knew she would never be satisfied with what he had to give.

He swam out through the darkness, and ahead of him he saw the rising bulk of the island and heard the voices of the sardine fishermen carried gently across the water.

He heard the dull rattle of an oar dropping on to bottom boards, and looking up he saw that one of the boats had drifted towards him. He pushed the loose hair back from his forehead, watching the phosphorescence drop from his arm, and trod water as the black shape of the boat moved gently down towards him. When it was a few yards away a voice called softly. He stopped swimming.

"Signore. Signore Hudson."

The boat came nearer and now, rising from its low silhouette, he saw the solitary plug of a man's form standing in the bows. Behind him was the dark shadow of another man seated in the stern. "Signore. . . ." The sound was touched with a gruff urgency, pitched low, almost a whisper.

Hudson swam close to the boat.

"What do you want?"

"Signore Hudson?"

"Yes. How do you know my name?"

The man looked down at Hudson, and in the starlight and the pale luminosity from the phosphorescence that washed away from the boat's side Hudson saw his face. It was long and bearded and with an air of stern good humour.

"Signore Hudson, it is very important. . . ." He spoke with an Italian inflexion, a voice which was strong, authoritative even in a whisper. "You must swim to the island. Over there—" he pointed through the darkness to the island a hundred yards away. "There is a white stone. Swim there."

Hudson stared up at him, frowning. "What the devil's all this about?"

The man leaned over, reaching out one arm towards him and motioning it towards the island as though by the action he would in some way speed him on.

"It is very important . . . Signore."

Then he drew back and the boat, moving on the drift between island and main shore, dropped away.

Hudson started to swim slowly towards the island, keeping before him the pale shape of the stone which had been whitewashed to serve as some channel mark for the fishermen. In a few minutes he felt the first touch of weeds and then his feet brushed an underwater boulder.

He drew himself up, stood with the water dripping from him and then, with a shake of his head to clear the water from his face, stepped forward from rock to rock towards the white stone which stood at the edge of the thick border of scrub behind the beach.

A yard from the stone he paused. Shadowed against its near side was the figure of a man who leaned with one elbow on a spur of the stone and waited for Hudson.

Then, as though impatient, when Hudson made no move the shadow detached itself from the rock and came forward. A voice said, "Catch," and a raincoat was thrown towards him.

HUDSON took the coat and slipped it over his shoulders, and the movement was accomplished in a queer state of mental nullity. In a moment he knew his heart would begin to race and with that would come a familiar control, a refusal to acknowledge shock.

"I'm sorry to do it this way. There are cigarettes and matches in the coat pocket, but don't use them until we get into the scrub."

The words finished in a half-laugh, a gentle note of embarrassment, almost apology, and with the movement the man lifted his face a little and the starlight showed the familiar features of Raikes. The moment Hudson had heard the voice say "Catch" he had known it, and now to cover a mixture of gladness and anger he heard himself saying: "You'll be glad to hear we gave you a respectable funeral."

Raikes laughed again. "Moments like this are very awkward. When the day of resurrection comes people will stand about and look at one another and wonder what to do next."

Hudson moved forward towards the scrub with him.

"From the raincoat and the cigarettes I gather you've got a lot of explaining to do."

"I have. We'll do it over a drink"

To be continued next week

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—it's off peak!

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Have *you* yet taken advantage of the practical help and encouragement which John Bull provides as a service to competitors in *"Bullets" Bulletin* and the *Crossword Gazette*?

This week, to celebrate the *Bulletin's* 21st birthday, you are offered free and post free a copy of the 128-page *"Bullets"* 1949/50 Handbook—it is yours if you place an order for a 12 weeks' supply of this guide to success in John Bull's competitions.

The 2s. 6d. Handbook awaiting you as a gift contains a collection of 3,500 *Bullets,* for which John Bull paid over £500,000 in prize-money. Apply on Presentation Coupon below before the closing date given.

£1,000

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Grandpa's Brolly
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Incomplete "Examples"
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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to John Bull, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Feb. 18 and in John Bull dated Feb. 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

Result of Xword No. 664 is due to appear on this page next week

"Bullets" Winners 1,711

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Celebration Weekend: G. B. Patrick, 21 Astley Crescent, Quinton, Birmingham 32:

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Aid—But Add "Bit"!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Celebration Weekend: T. Hatton, 36 Parry Street, Seacombe, Wallasey: "Curse That Union!"—"Curse Bosses!"—Curses *Both.*

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Celebration Weekend: H. Wright, 19 St. James' Road, Salford, 7: Something In The Sermon—"Went Home"—Went Again.

OTHER AWARDS, £10: H. Ricketts, 63 Ginton Avenue, Kingsbury, N.W.9.: Something In The Soil—Makes Man's Wisdom "Grow." £10: W. Wilson, 43 Reed Street, South Shields: Family Of Nations—Or Old Familiar Nations? £5: A. E. Bloxham, 114 Green Lane, Tettenhall, Wolverhampton: Not Going To Be Gluts—Of Nuts, Without Guts. £5: G. Grace, 69 Kimberley Road, Southsea: A Little Luxury—To "Galley-slave," Occasional "Punting." £5: H. E. Lord, 14 Cornhill, Chard, Somerset: The 1950 Picture—To Ban, "Lost Weekend." £5: Miss J. I. McDonald, 30 West Banks Terrace, Wick, Caithness: Something In The British—Invites Mimicry — Defies Imitation. £5: L. Tweedale, 37 Bennett Rd., Bournemouth: Something In The Old—"Oak Chest" —British Oak! Above £10 and £5 winners each also receives New Year Hamper.

For 10 winners of £2 10s. plus Hamper see last week's *"Bullets" Bulletin.*

30 New Year Hampers and 2,000 "Good Shots" have also been dispatched.

(Above result is reprinted for benefit of readers who missed last week's John Bull. *Result of "Bullets" No. 1,712 is due next week.)*

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 668**

1. We have won the sympathy of some Americans because of our
3. Judge's part in this is sometimes quite a minor one
5. Production figures would decline without them
8. Deposits in this may be very considerable
11. There's this in the make-up of an actress
12. Both bad and good points about sheep will be noticed when they are this
13. Person who receives one may sometimes feel a little embarrassed

Down Clues

2. Bad one may well prove quite a set-back
3. Farmer has long been accustomed to thinking his heavier than other people's
4. A quack's is now not so profitable as it was
6. It may not be easy to keep this in very hot weather
7. When they can't afford rent of house, some consider this
9. Are inclined to make people go red in the face
10. May be thrown out and wasted
11. Sometimes doesn't penetrate

£100 AND FOOD PARCELS FOR THIS XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps, covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated February 11.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

■	1	U	T	2 S	■	3 C	A	S	
4	■	5 E	X	P		R	T	S	■
A	S	S	■		■	O	S	■	6
Y	E	■	7 F	L	■		■	G	O
■	8 W		L	L	■	S	O	L	O
9 F	E	■		■	■	■	N	I	L
I	N	S	T	■	■	10	■	N	■
	■	I	■	11 P		I	N	T	■
E	E	L	■		■	N	E	668	■
12 S	H	O		N	■	13 T	I		■

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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668 Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 30

VILLAGE THAT THE SQUATTERS BUILT

Continued from page 16

of us, like any other squatters, came in here as a makeshift, not altogether certain that we'd one day get a house, but hoping like billy-ho that we would. The point was: Had all this money been spent for nothing? It wasn't any good the councils planning to build a permanent site if the people didn't want to stay when they'd built it."

Presented with a questionnaire that the councils had prepared, over seventy per cent of the original squatters decided that they did want to stay put. Ethel Sutherland seemed to sum up the reason for all of them: "It's been a great adventure, but I don't think any of us would have missed it. There's been a neighbourliness here that we've never found before in our lives."

A New Vigo

The local branch of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning has recently told Newman that plans have been drawn up for a new Vigo and that work is to start early this year—on 150 permanent bungalow-type houses, a permanent church, and flats for 150 families. Workmen have been going ahead on the demolition of some of the older and more dilapidated structures.

Will the lessons of sharing and neighbourly co-operation take lasting root or will Vigo drift back to the "let the other bloke do it" attitude so common in other places?

That problem, as Newman sees it, will only be solved if the earliest squatters succeed in keeping alive the memory of the days when everyone willingly clubbed together to lend each other pie-dishes to boil water, and prams to carry coal.

The difficulty may lie in the fact that a few of the original pioneers have now left the camp, to be replaced by council-sponsored tenants who had no experience of the toughest days. Even A, B, C and D camps are no more — instead there is Hamilton Estate, Beechwood Estate and Highview Estate.

Not Good Enough

Recently an incident cropped up which seemed to illustrate that problem. A new arrival dismounted at the bus-stop, armed with suitcases, and asked an old hand the way to such-and-such a house on Highview Estate.

The veteran thought deeply for a moment. "Oh," she said at last, "you mean the old boiler-house on D camp. I'll show you the way."

"Thank you all the same," replied the other indignantly, "but you'll do no such thing. What do the council think I am, I'd like to know—I'm not living in any old boiler-house on a camp!"

And she caught the next bus back to Gravesend and her mother-in-law.

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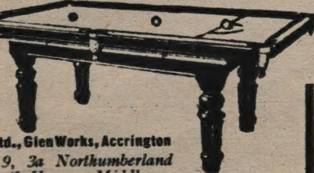

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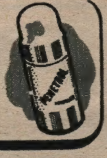

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Anthony Trollope's Advice

Trollope began in this way. Some of his famous novels were written in the train. Later in life he gave up his regular employment for full-time authorship. He advised new writers to follow his example. British Editors are looking in vain for the new British writers. Even American second rights are invading the home market. Today the position is even more encouraging for the writer, paper supplies are increasing, and new editions are appearing.

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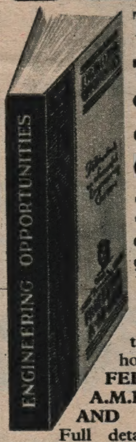

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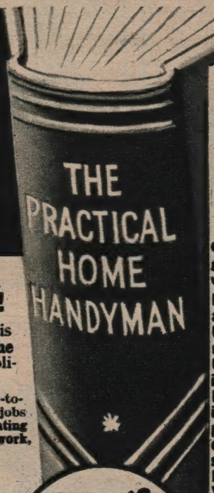

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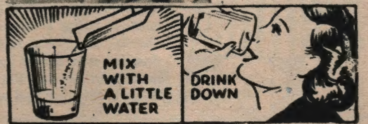

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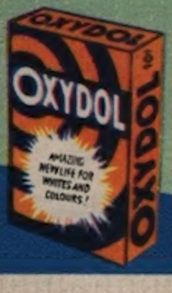
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